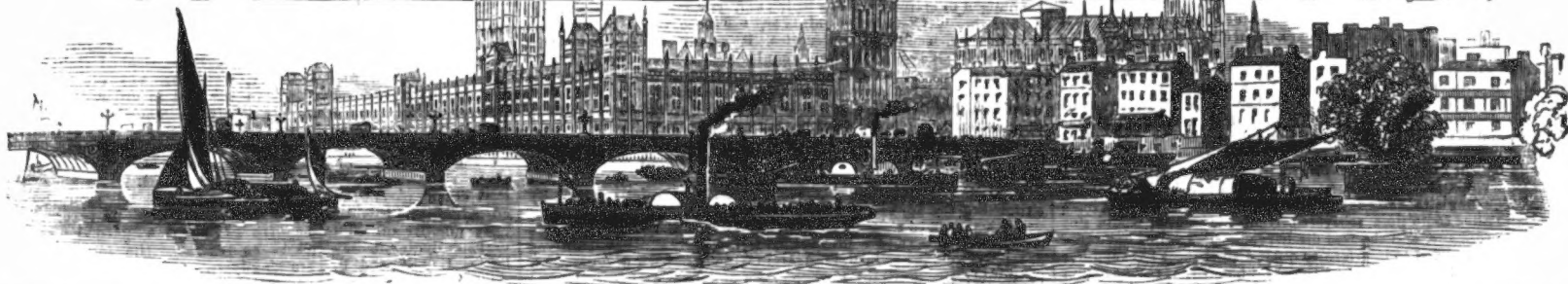


John Dick 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 49.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE WAR IN AMERICA.—THE MASSACRE OF NEGROES AT FORT PILLOW. (See page 771.)

Notes of the Week.

ABOUT two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, loud cries of murder were heard from a house in Jonaas-street, a narrow thoroughfare in Lower Marsh New-cut, Lambeth. The house was in the occupation of a man and his wife, named Weston. The man was a vendor of cats and dog meat. Police constable Costrell of the N Division, who was on duty close by, specially entered the house, and passing through the front shop found in the room behind, the woman, Mrs. Weston, beating her husband violently about his head, and knocking it against a chest of drawers. The man was found to be by this time perfectly insensible, and lying on the floor. The woman was forthwith taken into custody, and surgical assistance sent for. Mr. Wakem, the divisional surgeon of police promptly attended, and after making a careful examination, pronounced that the man was dead. The body was also examined by Dr. Donahoo. The prisoner was removed to the Tower-street Police Station, where Mr. Inspec or Young received the charge. It appears that the woman, who is notorious in the neighbourhood as a drunken virago of the worst description, was quarrelling with her husband, an event of frequent occurrence. She was intoxicated at the time she was arrested, and it being the opinion of the police that she was suffering from delirium tremens, orders were given that she should be carefully looked to. She made no remark in reply to the charge. Some time since, in a drunken fit, she stabbed her husband with a knife. The magistrate remanded her more than once, but the husband, who after some time recovered from his wound, would not appear to prosecute, and she was discharged. The police have frequently been obliged to interfere to quell disturbances between her and her husband. It is stated by the neighbours that she has been heard to say more than once that she would "do for him."

On Monday night, between eight and nine o'clock, a destructive fire broke out on the premises of Mr. James, green grocer and fishmonger, No. 6, New Kent-road, a few doors from the Elephant and Castle, which resulted in the total destruction of the house and the whole of its contents. The fire, which broke out on the second floor, was first discovered by some persons from the roof of one of the Metropolitan Railway omnibuses, which happened to be passing at the time and who at once gave the alarm. Some time elapsed before the arrival of the engines, and when they got to the scene of conflagration the whole of the house was in flames from top to bottom. During the progress of the fire the flames could be distinctly seen from the street successively laying hold of the furniture in the front rooms on the first and second floors, and owing to their rapidity nothing could be saved. The loss will be heavy, as it is believed the occupants of the house were uninsured.

On Saturday, at a meeting of Kent county magistrates, held at Greenwich, application was made on behalf of Mr. Setton Parry, of the Royal Princess's Theatre, for a license for a newly erected theatre in the town of Greenwich, contiguous to the railway station. The magistrates agreed to grant the licence, and the theatre, which is capable of seating one thousand persons, is announced for opening on the 23rd inst. Greenwich has not possessed a theatre for about thirty years, at which period a former theatre was destroyed by fire.

THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND.

THE recent naval engagement between the Austrians and the Danes, of which we have given particulars, and also an illustration in our present number, has again brought the little island of Heligoland before the public. The engagement alluded to took place about six miles from this place, and after the defeat by the Danes of the Austrian and Prussian vessels, the latter made for the harbour of Heligoland for protection. This island belongs to Great Britain. The name signifies in German "sacred land," or "holy land," and the place is said to have been, in bygone ages, the residence of the chief of the North Frislanders, and the seat of worship of a Saxon deity rejoicing in the name of Phœbe. The island was anciently of a greater extent than at present, but the encroachments and washing of the waters have reduced it to its now limited extent, which is only a mile and a-half in breadth. In 1714 it was annexed by Denmark, and remained subject to that Power till 1817, when, in our war with the Danes, it was taken by a small squadron, and converted into a depot for merchandise to be smuggled into continental ports, from which English commerce was then excluded by the Emperor Napoleon. At the peace of 1814 the British Government thought fit to re-assert possession of the island, in consideration of its two excellent harbours.

The town consists of two parts, the upper and lower. On the upper are the principal buildings—the governor's house, church, light-house, &c. On the lower, the hotel and the fishermen's huts. The inhabitants, numbering about 2,000, subsist principally by fishing and acting as pilots. There is scarcely a tree or shrub on the island; and fuel, wood, and vegetables are brought from Cuxhaven and Hamburg (from which latter place it is reached in about eight hours) in exchange for fish. The women cultivate the soil for the small quantity of oats and barley produced, and they tend a few hundred sheep.

During the Russian war, Heligoland was converted into a military station by the English, chiefly for the foreign legion.

GAMBLING IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.—It having been made known privately to the Secretary-at-War that certain practices of gambling with dice had for a considerable period been carried on amongst the clerks in the War-office, but more especially in one of the largest subdivisions of a particular branch, Earl De Grey and Ripon at once ordered an inquiry into the alleged abuses. The court appointed was under the presidency of Sir Edward Lushington. It was found that the principal and the second, as well as a number of the clerks, were implicated, and the finding of the court provoked the immediate and grave attention of Earl De Grey. The leading offenders were at once dismissed from the office, losing all their interest in the superannuation fund, although they can respectively show twenty-eight and twenty-nine years' service. Several of the clerks have been summarily degraded on the list for promotion, and the Earl De Grey and Ripon has read to all the gentlemen of the office a minute, in which he stigmatises in the severest terms the practices which have been proved, and threatens instant dismissal to any one who may attempt to renew the gross misbehavior. It is alleged that considerable sums of money have been involved in these transactions between the officials, and that loaded dice have been used.

MANY distressing cases have occurred during the past few months of women being found helpless from starvation, whose occupation had been

"Sewing at once, with a Scotch thread."

Earning, perhaps, by fifteen or sixteen hours' hand-labour, not more than three or four pence. The Wheeler and Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine not only enables the worker to earn a good living during moderate hours of labour, but the work done gives greater satisfaction to the worker, as not being the price of life. All who are interested in the welfare of the seamstress should visit the show-rooms of the company, at 129, Regent-street, where every information relative to the machines can be obtained. [Advertisement.]

HOMESIDE'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2/30 4/6 6/0 8/0 10/0 12/0 14/0 16/0 18/0 20/0 22/0 24/0 26/0 28/0 30/0 32/0 34/0 36/0 38/0 40/0 42/0 44/0 46/0 48/0 50/0 52/0 54/0 56/0 58/0 60/0 62/0 64/0 66/0 68/0 70/0 72/0 74/0 76/0 78/0 80/0 82/0 84/0 86/0 88/0 90/0 92/0 94/0 96/0 98/0 100/0 102/0 104/0 106/0 108/0 110/0 112/0 114/0 116/0 118/0 120/0 122/0 124/0 126/0 128/0 130/0 132/0 134/0 136/0 138/0 140/0 142/0 144/0 146/0 148/0 150/0 152/0 154/0 156/0 158/0 160/0 162/0 164/0 166/0 168/0 170/0 172/0 174/0 176/0 178/0 180/0 182/0 184/0 186/0 188/0 190/0 192/0 194/0 196/0 198/0 200/0 202/0 204/0 206/0 208/0 210/0 212/0 214/0 216/0 218/0 220/0 222/0 224/0 226/0 228/0 230/0 232/0 234/0 236/0 238/0 240/0 242/0 244/0 246/0 248/0 250/0 252/0 254/0 256/0 258/0 260/0 262/0 264/0 266/0 268/0 270/0 272/0 274/0 276/0 278/0 280/0 282/0 284/0 286/0 288/0 290/0 292/0 294/0 296/0 298/0 300/0 302/0 304/0 306/0 308/0 310/0 312/0 314/0 316/0 318/0 320/0 322/0 324/0 326/0 328/0 330/0 332/0 334/0 336/0 338/0 340/0 342/0 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WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—THE PLEASURE-VAN TO HAMPTON COURT.

A MORE delightful Whitsuntide could not possibly have broken on our pleasure-seekers than the Sunday and Monday just past. Sunday was excessively hot in the metropolis; but on Monday the heat of the glorious sun was moderated by a gentle and refreshing breeze. Holiday folk were about at an early hour. Pleasure-vans were being got into trim even by dawn, and the principal streets could not be traversed at any one time in the morning without beholding van-load after van-load of pleasure-seekers on their way to Hampton Court, Kew, and other places. On p. 777 will be found two illustrations by Mr. McConnell. One is the departure of the pleasure-van for Hampton Court on Whit-Monday, and the other the rural arboreal to be found in the gardens of nearly every road-side in a few miles from town, and always a favourite resort of holiday folk.

There is the pleasure-van, if not spick and span new, at least gaily painted for the occasion, with its clean straw inside, and its clean red and white curtains gaily fastened. It already (time ten a.m.) seems fully laden; but an excursion-van equals, if it does not surpass, a carpet-bag for the power of containing. The family of the Crumplehorns, residing in Cross-in-the-morn-buildings, Tattered-and-torn-lane, most positively be got into the van, nine though they be in number; for has not Father Crumplehorn, working engineer, in the employ of Messrs. Smithers, Boyler, and Butler, of the Commercial-road, subscribed full half a dozen copper pennies weekly for a considerable period, in order that the wife of his bosom, and the children of his affections, may have a day's "pleasuring" at "Ampton Court" on a Whit-Monday morning, when the sky is blue and the birds are singing? Behold Crumplehorn, big with the dignity of honest labour, and the consciousness of his best "togs" (not forgetting the shiniest of four-and-ninepenny silk hats from Broad-street, Ch.-apleide). Behold him assisting into the vehicle his better, and decidedly more voluminous, half (nee All-ford) consider her round, jolly, beaming face, take stock of her bouquet of bonnets, glowing with cheap flowers and ribbons; ponder upon her broad-beamed umbrella, and be a Cynic if you can. But there are more scenes of the house of Crumplehorn to come. There is Master Boltonwait Crumplehorn, whose precocious mechanical propensities have procured him among his youthful companions the sobriquet of "young bust his biler." This embryo Stephenson is already on the steps of the van, valiantly, though perhaps not very efficaciously, aiding his portly mother in the ascent of Mount Steps. There are sundry outlying juvenile branches of the Crumplehorn tree, little toddling girls in trousers and big hats, jouncing youths, aged seven, performing war dances affectionately clasping stone bottles, of Barclay and Perkins's best, mean-while. There is old Grandfather Shavenhorn, who married Crumplehorn's mother; and notably you may observe in one sly corner a young couple who entered the van very early, who have sat very quiet in it, and very close to one another, who have said nothing, but look at each other a good deal. We wonder if we are in error in assuming that this young couple are sweethearts; that Mr. Sawdust's Bismarck is keeping company with Miss Mary Crumplehorn, popularly called "Polly," and that his "intentions" are of the most honourable nature.

But the hour for the departure of the "van" for Hampton has arrived. Duplications and reduplications of the Crumplehorn family enter this and other vans. Mr. Sprouts, the greengrocer, who "removes goods in town and country," and is the speculator in the vehicles in question, hurries to and fro, an enormous bouquet in his button-hole; for he, too, will accompany the conveyance. The proprietor of the adjacent shaving shop has just sat down *casual*, and tired out with his labours in clean shaving the crowd of holiday-makers. At length the van or vans are full, and amidst loud talking, laughter, and the cheers of the ragged little crossing-sweepers and shoeblacks, away they go on their blithe-some journey.

Rattle away, O pleasure-van!—galley of life, with youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow! We wonder if any happy inmate of that light-hearted chariot chanced to cast his eye upon two spectators who did not look very merry or light-hearted as the procession started. See, there is drunken Al Koholl, the shoemaker. He spent his week's wages last Saturday night at the "Delirium and Trimmings," in Gin-lane, and owes a fortnight's earnings more. He leans against a post, haggard, unshorn, disconsolate. See yonder, too, at an open window, holding a meagre body, is the woman

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,"

the woman dressed in unwomanly rags, who plies her needle and thread night and day, and makes shirts, and starves. There are no Whit-Mondays, no holidays, no merry-makings for her—nothing but "stitch, stitch, stitch; poverty, hunger, and dirt."

THE CAPTURE OF FORT PILLOW.

On our first page we give an illustration of this sanguinary affair. The particulars of the capture are given in a despatch of the 14th from Cairo, Illinois, as follows:—"The attack began on Tuesday morning, the 12th. The Confederate General Forrest soon sent a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the fort and garrison; in the meanwhile so disposing his troops as to take the advantage of our forces. Major Booth, who commanded, refused the flag of truce, and the fighting recommenced. Afterwards a second flag came in, which was also refused. Both flags gave the rebels the advantage of gaining new positions. The battle was kept up until three p.m., when Major Booth was killed, and Major Bradford took command. The rebels now made such a furious attack that our men were compelled to surrender. Immediately upon the surrender, a scene ensued which baffles all description. Up to that time comparatively few of our men had been killed, but instantly on taking possession of the fort the fiends commenced an indiscriminate butchery of the whites and blacks, including those of both colours who had previously been wounded. The black soldiers becoming demoralised, rushed to the rear, the white officers having thrown down their arms. Both white and black were bayoneted, shot, or sabred. Even dead bodies were horribly mutilated, and children and several negro women were murdered in cold blood. Soldiers, unable to speak from wounds, were shot dead, and their bodies thrown into the river. The dead and wounded negroes were piled in heaps and burned; and several citizens, who had joined our forces for protection, were killed and wounded. Out of the garrison of 600 but 200 remained alive."

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The bright sky and genial weather induced a very large number of visitors to spend their Whit-Monday holiday in the Zoological Society's Gardens. At the closing of the gates at sunset it was ascertained that the total number of visitors had been 31,107—the largest number ever recorded in one day since the gardens were opened to the public. It is only right to add that the conduct of the people was excellent, and that no cases of misbehaviour nor of injury to the society's valuable collection of animals had occurred.

HONESTY REWARDED.—A few days ago a cabman was engaged to drive a lady from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway Station to the west end of the town. After depositing his fare and returning into the city he discovered in the cab a small bag, containing nine sovereigns. He at once drove back and restored the property to its rightful owner, when, in recognition of his honesty, he was offered two new bronze pennies! It is hardly necessary to say that the cabby indignantly declined the proffered reward.—*Glasgow Herald.*

COUTTS'S BANK.

THE great banking-house of Coutts and Co. arose under circumstances not less striking than those connected with the history of Jones, Loyd and Co. The father of Mr. Coutts was a merchant at Edinburgh, who had four sons, the two youngest of whom, James and Thomas, were brought up in the paternal counting-house. James, at the age of twenty-five, came to London, and first settled in St. Mary-axe as a Scotch merchant, from which business, however, he subsequently retired to become a banker. He took a house in the Strand, the same in which the firm still exists; and he was joined here, some years after, by his brother Thomas as a partner—the business being carried on under the name of James and Thomas Coutts. James Coutts died early, and Thomas was then left sole proprietor of the bank. His high integrity joined to a very enterprising spirit, soon gained him many friends, and made him remarkably successful in his business. A characteristic instance, both of his shrewdness and enterprise, is given by Mr. Lawson, in his "History of Banking." In the early part of his career, Mr. Coutts, anxious to secure the cordial co-operation of the heads of the various banking-houses in London, was in the habit of frequently inviting them to dinner. On one of these occasions the manager of a City bank, in retelling the news of the day, accidentally remarked that a certain nobleman had applied to his firm for a loan of £30,000, and had been refused. Mr. Coutts listened and said nothing; but the moment his guests had retired, about ten o'clock in the evening, he started off to the house of the nobleman mentioned, and requested the honour of an interview with his lordship the next day. On the following morning the nobleman called at the bank. Mr. Coutts received him with the greatest politeness, and, taking thirty £1,000 notes from a drawer, presented them to his lordship. The latter, very agreeably surprised, exclaimed, "But what security am I to give you?" "I shall be satisfied with your lordship's note of hand," was the reply. The I O U was instantly given, with the remark, "I find I shall only require for the present £10,000; I therefore return you £20,000, with which you will be pleased to open an account in my name." The generous—or, as it may more truly be called, exceedingly well-calculated—act of Mr. Coutts was not lost upon the nobleman, who, in addition to paying in within a few months £100,000 to his account, the produce of the sale of an estate, recommended several high personages to patronise the bank in the Strand. Among the new clients who did so previously was King George III. Mr. Coutts had not only many friends, but real admirers among the nobility, and was an object of attraction to not a few designing matrones, who would have been but too happy to marry their noble but penniless daughter to the rich banker. These aristocratic matrimonial speculations were somewhat rudely dispelled by the choice which Mr. Coutts made of a wife, in the person of Elizabeth Starkey, a domestic in his brother's service. The union was productive, it is said, of great happiness to the banker; and though children of a servant his three daughters married the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Guildford, and Sir Francis Burdett. After the death of his first wife Mr. Coutts gave his hand to Miss Mellon, an actress. On this second marriage both Mr. and Mrs. Coutts were made the constant subjects of unworthy ridicule, which, however, had no other effect than that of strengthening the confidence of the husband in his wife. This confidence was displayed in a remarkable manner in the last will and testament of Mr. Coutts. By this will he left the whole of his fortune, amounting to above £900,000, to his widow, for her sole use and benefit, and at her absolute disposal, without the deduction of a single legacy to any other person. Mrs. Coutts subsequently married the Duke of St. Albans; but under her marriage settlement wisely reserved to herself the whole control of the immense fortune left to her by her first husband. On her death she bequeathed the vast property to the favourite granddaughter of Mr. Coutts, Miss Angela Burdett—the estimable and benevolent lady, founder of so many churches and schools, who is now well known as Miss Angela Burdett Coutts. Miss A. B. Coutts continues to be the principal proprietor of the old bank in the Strand, the business being conducted for her by trustees, under the old style of Coutts and Co.—*Railway News.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE DANISH WAR.

THE *Times* correspondent in Denmark writes as follows:—"A curious and affecting episode I have to record connected with the sad catastrophe of Duppel. Among the dead bodies which I saw stretched out on the floor of Ulkebol Church during the last days of my sojourn in Alesen was that of one of the bravest of whose coat was pinned a label, with the words, 'En ukjendt officer.' It was the corpse of a short, thick-set man, about forty years of age, with short thick hair, full dark beard, with strong and somewhat harsh features, composed to the sleep-like calmness of death, with his arms stretched along his sides, and the fists tightly closed. That corpse had been for a day in the hands of the Prussians, lost in the crowd of the dead and wounded; it had been rowed across, and had lain for two days in Ulkebol Church, and it still went by the name of the 'unknown officer.' It was then conveyed to Augustenborg in an open coffin; it has been left exposed in the vestry of the church there, as if in a kind of Morgue, and has been seen by nearly all the military and civilians who are still tarrying on the spot, and the photograph of the body and of its coffin is now published in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* in the faint hope that the perfect likeness may lead to its eventual identification. There ought now to be little chance of it. The man was probably a Swede or Bornholmer, one of the several officers who used to drop in upon us as volunteers at the various stages of the campaign. He may have arrived either direct from home, or from Fredericia on the very eve of the last attack upon Dybbøl; he may have ventured out across the bridges on his first arrival, without either reporting himself at headquarters or attaching himself to any corps, and had thus none of his superiors or subalterns, no comrade or friend to recognise him. His rank itself could not be ascertained, as the shoulder straps, the only distinction in a Danish uniform, had been torn from his coat; but the fine cloth allowed no doubt as to his being an officer. Hard was the fate of the unknown dead. The most touching obsequies, the most signal honours have been paid both in Copenhagen and all over the kingdom to the remains of officers and privates fallen in this patriotic war. The body of each man has been faithfully consigned to the pious cares of those who had a right to claim it. Hardly one was lowered in the grave without the tears of one skin to it by blood or love. Only the poor 'unknown' lies still above ground unclaimed, unhonoured, unwept; and, perhaps, far away in some distant home in Dalecarlia, in Gothland, far away on the shores of some Swedish bay or Norwegian fiord, some desolate home is plunged into all the pangs of expectation and uncertainty, and may have long to wait before it is reached by the undoubted tidings of its irreparable bereavement."

EARTHQUAKE AMONG THE GOLDFIELDS.—The *British Columbia* says:—"We have received the following from a rural correspondent:—'The shock of an earthquake was felt on Thomas's Creek, three miles east of Fort Langley, Fraser River, on Sunday the 28th of February, at half-past seven in the evening. It was accompanied by a house, thundering rumble, and lasted for about thirty seconds. The sky was at the time clear and brilliant, and the atmosphere calm and mild. So frightful was the commotion of the quick and awful rockings as to make it a moment of great suspense as to whether the beholder would be buried with the log shanty, which cracked, rolled, and tottered around him, in a conglomerated mass of heterogeneous ruins. Its course was across the Creek, from north to south."

ACCIDENT AT A VOLUNTEER INSPECTION.

FINE weather, a good muster, and suitable ground are three things essentially necessary to the success of a volunteer review; and at the inspection, on Monday, of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers none of these elements was wanting. The weather was unquestionably glorious; the muster—seeing 500 men were on parade, 2-8 absent with leave, and only 266 without leave—was a very good one; and the spot at which the inspection took place, by the kind permission of Mr. Donald Nicol—namely Oaklands Hall, West-end Park, Kilburn—is one of the most charming spots about London, and presented on this occasion an exceedingly gay and festive appearance. It was pretty nearly five o'clock when the men came on the ground, and in their scarlet uniforms they presented an exceedingly soldier-like appearance. Major Richards was in command, having the valuable assistance of Captains Osgood, Clark, Lawrie, Cowan, Farnell, E. Brett, Egan, and Captain and Adjutant Furnivall. Quartermaster Nicholas was also active on the field, and Mr. Anderson, one of the strongest supporters and an honourable member of the corps, was present. Drs. Palmer, Bennett, and Henderson were on the field to render such medical aid as might be required, and we regret to say that their attendance proved unnecessary, for one poor man met with a very serious accident. It is supposed that he had his rifle at full cock, and on grounding arms placed his left hand on the muzzle of his weapon, which exploded, shattering his left hand sadly. The medical officers of the corps, as we have already indicated, were immediately on the spot; and it was found necessary immediately to amputate the third finger. The operation was performed satisfactorily, the poor man displaying a courage characteristic of the Englishman and worthy of all praise. Indeed, his bearing excited the admiration of all on-lookers, amongst whom was Viscount Ranelagh, who had ridden up, and remarked, "I like the quiet, calm way he has borne it," and put his hand in his pocket and handed a sovereign to the quartermaster. The example of his lordship was readily followed, and in a few minutes about £25 was subscribed. The victim of the accident is a warehouseman named William Lodge, of 146, Cannon-street-road, St. George's-in-the-East. It was proposed to make a temporary litter to carry the man from the ground, but he preferred walking to a conveyance, which conveyed him to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Having been placed in the cab he was asked if he required anything, when he very quietly replied, "I should like to have the finger." We need not add it was handed to him. Happily this was the only accident that occurred.

The manoeuvres the men were put through were, on the whole, exceedingly well performed—they consisted of forming line, open and quarter distance columns, file firing, volley firing, forming square, and marching past. This last operation took place before the other exercises of the day, so that the men were fresh for it. This is an excellent arrangement, and the men marched past admirably.

BALL PRACTICE AT WOOLWICH.

SCARCELY a week passes without witnessing some very important and interesting ball practice on the part of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich. On page 774 will be found an illustration of this highly necessary practice. Since the establishment of the Shoburness range, however, the practice of very heavy guns has been nearly discontinued, as the firing across the river Thames was at times attended with danger to the shipping. The usual firing which now takes place is principally with light field pieces. This practice alone is well worth a visit to Woolwich.

A NEW STEAMSHIP.

ONE of those extraordinary inventions or designs which come to us in such numbers from America and which occasionally create a perfect revolution among scientific trades and even among sciences themselves, is just now in process of being tried on the banks of the Thames, at Mr. Hepworth's shipbuilding yard, near Poplar. This is what is termed a "cigar ship"—that is, a yacht-steamer, the hull of which is immensely long, perfectly round, and which, in fact, precisely resembles, as its name implies, the shape of a cigar, with the exception that both ends are very finely pointed, instead of, as in a cigar, only one. The theories that have been advanced about the seagoing qualities and immense speed of vessels built in this shape are plausible enough; and, indeed, are so alluring and based on apparently such solid data that we are exceedingly glad to see that one way or the other they are likely to be theories no longer. The "cigar ship's" hull is nearly finished, and the "cigar ship" itself will be launched completed, and with her steam up, by the middle of August, so that we have not very long to wait before the problem is solved, and we are proved either to have been all in the dark as to shipbuilding from the days of Noah to this year of grace, or, on the other hand, Mr. Wienan's yacht is consigned to that place for good intentions, the paving of which must just now be in a state of pre-eminent repair. The vessel which is to set at rest these great doubts is being built as the private yacht of an American gentleman, who has designed everything connected with the ship, and who is having his designs executed by Mr. Hepworth: in two most perfect workmanship of which wrought-iron is capable. The hull is almost complete, and, as the hull of a ship, it looks one of the most extraordinary objects it is possible to imagine. It is so at variance with all our generally received notions of nautical beauty of form that one can only stare at it in mute surprise, though there is something about its long tapering lines so suggestive of immense speed that one feels rather ashamed such a simple idea should never have occurred to any one before. In justice to our own age, however, it must be said that such a vessel could only be imagined when iron ships were in use, and iron shipbuilding had reached its highest stages of development. Looking at her now, she appears to be nothing more than a gigantic iron masonry for some vessel of the Great Eastern class, having a rather wide diameter in the middle, and tapered to a mere point of some ten inches at either end. Her length over all is 256 feet, and her greatest width and depth is in the middle, where the circle is 16 feet diameter. Thus, then, her length is sixteen times greater than her greatest width. She is built throughout of the finest best plates, in some parts of steel, in some of Low Moor iron. To the water-line these plates are 5-16ths of an inch thick; above the water-line they are only 5-16ths. Her displacement will be about 500 tons, which gives her a little over 300 tons burden, according to builders' measurement. She is built without any longitudinal stringers, but throughout her entire length she is divided by no less than thirteen water-tight compartments, and in the engine and boiler rooms is further strengthened by inner rings of angle-iron, seven inches deep, which are riveted to the side, and placed as close as at intervals of three feet apart. Underneath, instead of a keel, is a broad band of the best Low Moor iron, which runs almost from end to end, and which is about 1 inch thick by 3 feet wide, and meant to protect her in case of her taking the ground. Inside is an iron floor, which also runs from end to end, to be hereafter covered with wood, and form, in fact, the lower passenger deck of the yacht. This floor amidships is only about six feet from the bottom of the cylinder, so that overhead there is a roomy cabin enough, much resembling in shape a small railway tunnel. The upper deck is 180ft. long by 10½ft. broad, and is formed by holding for that length what we may call a square flat topped cover on the top of the cylinder. This cover or deck is 4ft. 10in. high altogether, of which the lower 2ft. is of iron, riveted to the top of the cylinder, and the other 2ft. 10in. of common light wooden bulwarks. She is to have two short funnels, and these and her little deck and a small part of the upper curve of the cylinder are all that will be seen out of water.

THE PILLAGE OF JUTLAND BY THE PRUSSIANS.

THE official Copenhagen paper contains the following account of the occupation by the Prussians of the town of Randers, and of the organized system of plunder carried out there by the German troops:—

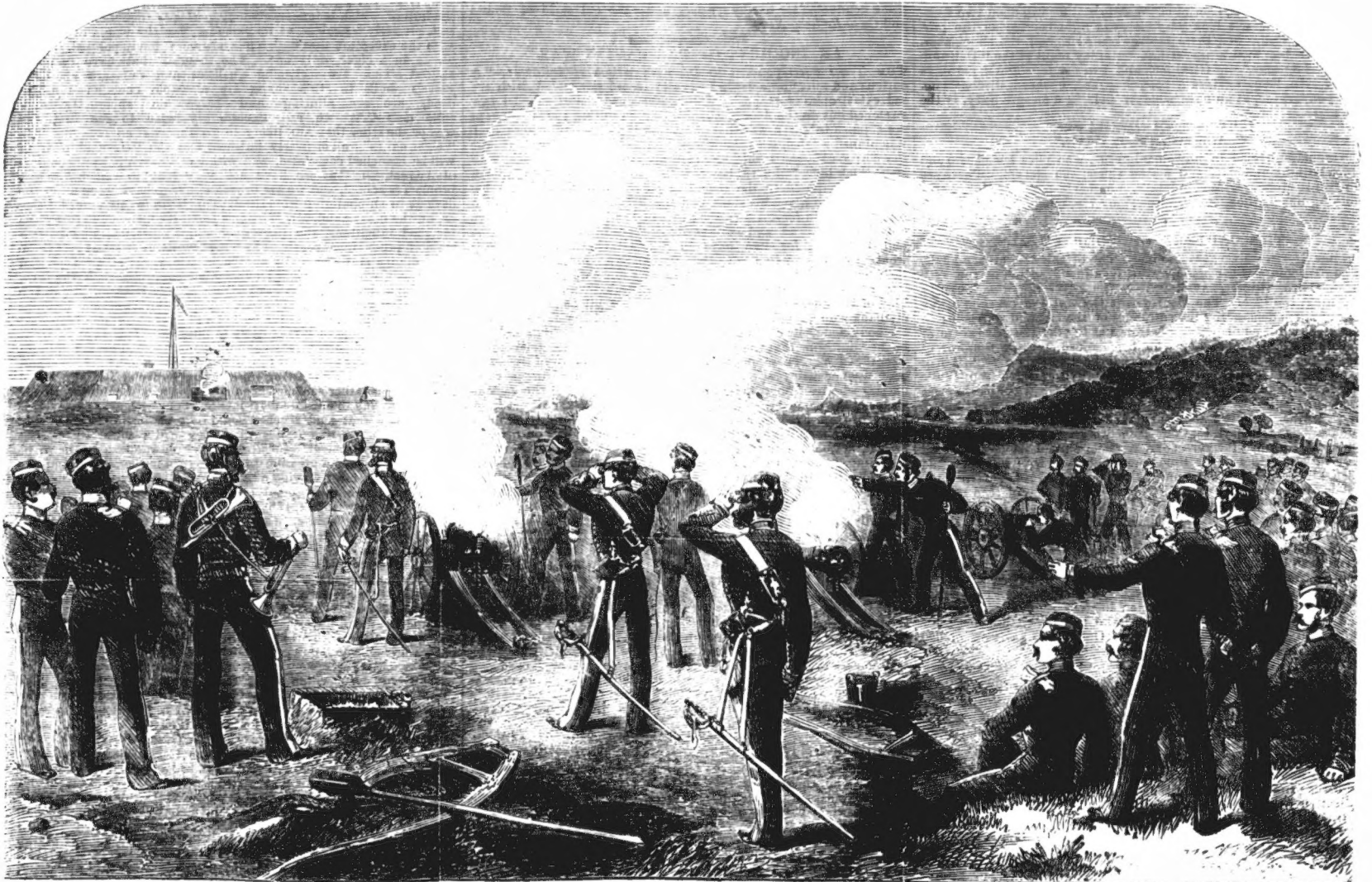
"We learnt on Sunday that Field-Marshal Wrangel had issued a proclamation, levying a fine upon Jutland of 650,000 Prussian dollars, 100,000 of which fell to the lot of Randers to provide. A categorical answer was to be returned by ten o'clock on Monday morning. The municipality held a preliminary sitting in the forenoon, and a general meeting of the taxpayers was appointed for six in the afternoon. The burgomaster read Field-Marshal Wrangel's proclamation to the meeting, and informed the citizens that the municipality had been forced to come to the conclusion that the town must return an unconditional refusal. Upon the sense of the meeting being taken the proposal of the municipality was unanimously carried, and the assembly broke up prepared for the worst. On Sunday morning the town was so completely surrounded by the German troops that even medical men were prevented from visiting their country patients; it was with difficulty the milkers and millers obtained permission to pass. The reply of the town was duly sent in at the appointed time, when the Prussians extended the period for deliberation until three in the afternoon; should refusal be still persisted in they would proceed to execution. Refusal was persisted in, and the invaders began their work. The way in which it was carried out was the following. A file of men with fixed bayonets and probably loaded rifles, accompanied by an officer and committee of citizens selected for the purpose, went from house to house wherever anything was to be found of use or value, notably to dealers in manufactured goods and tailors—and seized whatever they thought fit, generally giving a receipt. After three p.m. pillage began upon a large scale. The stock of cloth and shirting belonging to a tailor, one of the first victims, was entirely confiscated; the dealers in manufactured goods were the severest sufferers, each having



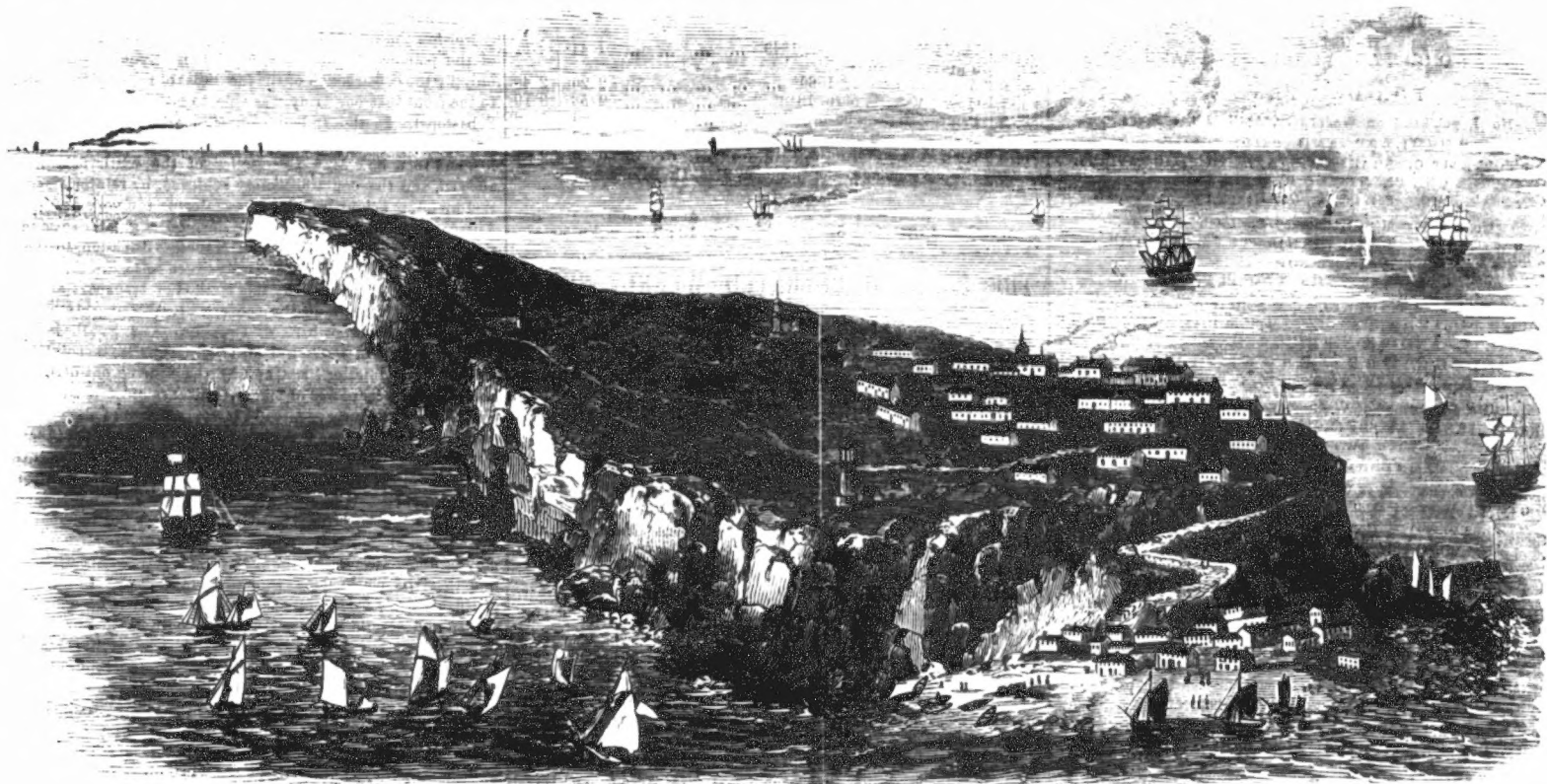
HERR WACHTEL, AS MANRICO, IN "IL TROVATORE." (See page 778.)

been plundered to the extent of several thousand dollars. This continued until the evening; when it grew dark, the outrages were postponed until the morrow. But worse was to come. In order to exercise greater pressure upon the citizens, ten of the chief among their number were arrested and confined in the High School, each in a separate room. A military cordon was formed round the hospital, and the building rigorously searched for several hours, without any valuables being found. No better result was achieved at the Bank and the savings bank. On Monday afternoon some six thousand men entered the town from the north; the major portion only passed through, being quartered southwards outside the town. General Munster the commander-in-chief of the occupying troops, remained here an hour; is reported, however, to have quitted the town with the declaration that he would not witness proceedings he could not approve. The plunder of the tradespeople's shops was resumed on Tuesday, but the crowning exploit of the day was the confiscation of nearly all the horses in the town, which was effected between half-past six and ten o'clock. The arrested citizens were carried away towards the south, and hostages were also taken from Habro and Mariager. At the latter place they passed the night in the Town Hall, lying on straw. Mr. Rowan was ordered to have a train ready, but he was unable to comply. General Hegemann having taken away the axes and wheels of the locomotives.

"It was plainly observable that the whole executive process made an unpleasant impression upon the troops engaged in the task, the participants, though forced to carry out their orders, going about the work unwillingly, and in the majority of cases with shame. It is even stated that a Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who served in one of the regiments, threw up his commission in disgust, and returned home yesterday. From various remarks of the officers, it would appear that the system of terrorism was intended to force the Jutlanders to press the authorities at Copenhagen to raise the blockade. It had not been expected also to encounter so sturdy a resistance on the part of the Jutlanders. Further intelligence, a day later, states that the hostages, after being taken to Horsens, were liberated the preceding night, and that, after some thirty of the best horses had been selected for conveyance south, the remainder, about 110, were sent back to the proprietors in a jaded and exhausted state."



ROYAL ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT WOOLWICH. (See page 771.)



THE ISLAND OF HELIGOLAND. (See page 770.)

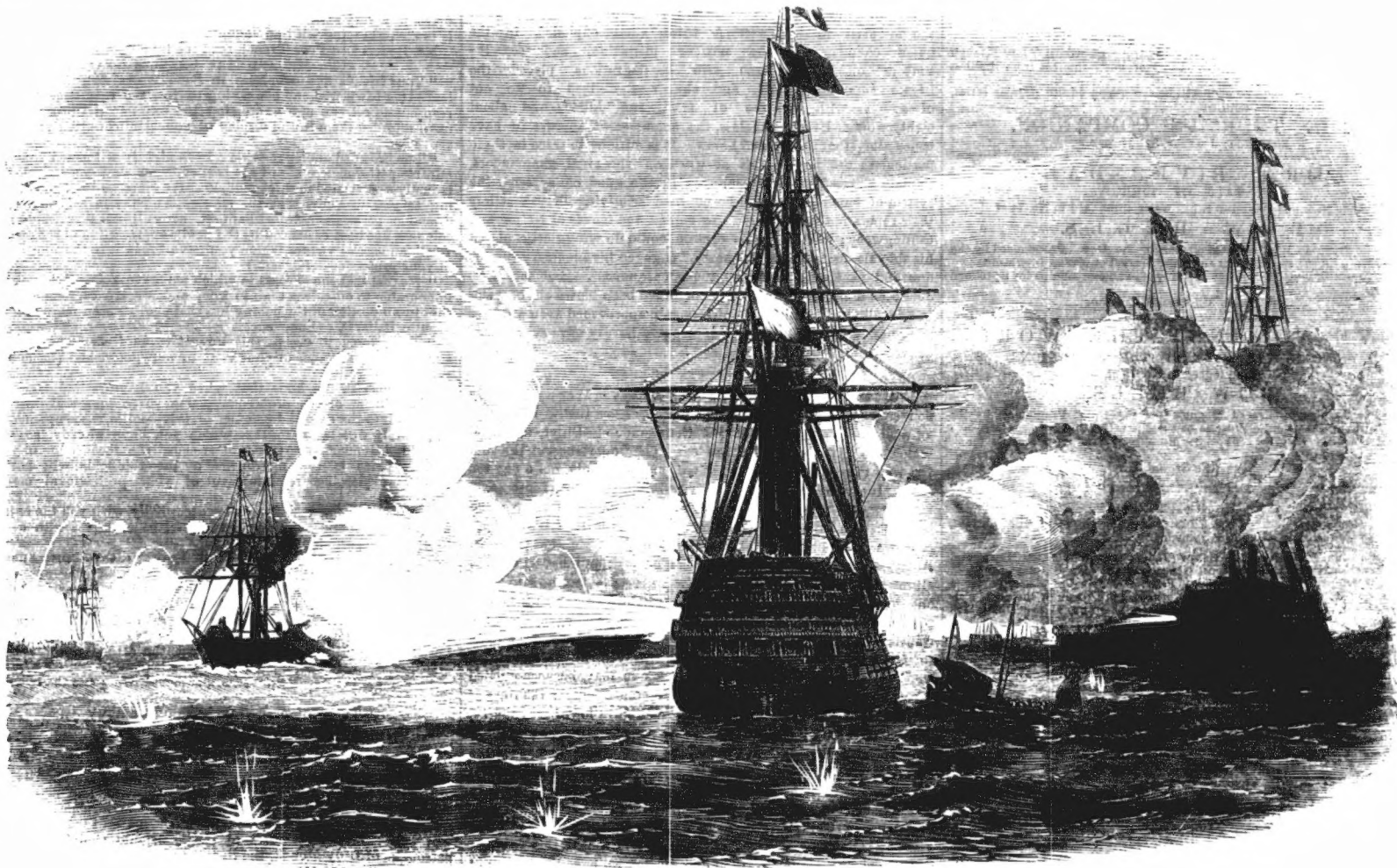
THE RECENT NAVAL BATTLE.

THE illustration below represents the recent battle between the German and Danish fleets. A letter in the *Times* gives some particulars of the experience of the Austrian frigates in the late action. The Austrian frigate *Schwarzenberg* opened the proceedings by firing three blank shots, which were unanswered by the Danes. After warning, "Captain Teggetoff, taking the *Schwarzenberg* well in between the Danish frigates, the *Niels Juel* and the *Agamemnon*, fired a double broadside against the enemy's ships on either side of him. Although somewhat taken aback by this daring bit of seamanship, the Danish frigates lost no time in returning the fire, and the engagement soon became general. One of the first shots fired by the *Niels Juel* struck the officer second in command of the *Schwarzenberg* full in the breast, and of course killed him on the spot. He was buried yesterday in the cemetery at Cuxhaven, a large concourse of persons attending. Shortly after two shells struck the *Schwarzenberg* near the same spot, by one of the heavy guns, which was served by sixteen men. Out of sixteen five were killed on the spot and nine wounded, only two getting off unscathed. This episode was shortly followed by a disaster which threatened the destruction of the ship. The sails were, of course, forlorn, and, as ill-luck would have it, a shell forced

its way into the canvas, and bursting, set the whole rigging of the foremast in a blaze. The ship having her head to the wind, it became necessary to put her about, to prevent the flames communicating themselves to the mainmast. In this manner the *Schwarzenberg* was temporarily reduced to the sole use of her two aft rifled guns. While the foremast was still burning, a shell burst in the outer chamber of the powder magazine, setting the timbers on fire, and creating a momentary panic among the crew. The flames, however, were at once extinguished, and the danger averted. To complete the discomfiture of the *Schwarzenberg*, her bowsprit was carried away by a round shot. During the course of the engagement the *Schwarzenberg* was struck seventy times by shot and shell, and once by chain shot, which is preserved on board. Her foremast is burnt down to a stump, and the side of the mainmast turned towards the flames is blistered all over from the heat. The actual loss on board the *Schwarzenberg* amounted to thirty-one killed, forty-four severely wounded, and between thirty and forty slightly wounded. Although nothing is known for certain of the Danish loss, it must have been considerable, or the *Schwarzenberg*, in her disabled condition, must have fallen into the enemy's hands. While it fared in this manner with the *Schwarzenberg*, the *Radetzky* did her best to draw off the attention of the Danish frigates, which showed considerable unwillingness to attend to other business, until they should have succeeded in completely disabling the *Schwarzenberg*.

However, before the conclusion of the engagement, the *Radetzky* was struck by twenty-eight shot, mostly on her port side. The engagement, which commenced a few minutes before two p.m., was over by four p.m."

LONGEVITY IN A WORKHOUSE.—Within the current year—that is to say, from the 12th of January to the present time—the following persons have died in the Newport Union Workhouse, Monmouthshire:—William Jeremy, aged 66; Jeremiah Israel, 87; Henry Enock Williams, 69; John Davies, 72; Thomas Hopkins, 93; Ann Edwards, 74; Mary Pell, 74; Ann Jones, 88; Charles Wakefield, 75; Rees Griffiths, 87; Abraham Williams, 63; Rees Jenkins, 84; Thomas Harris, 81. The united ages of these 13 persons make 1,015, or upwards of 1,000 years. The oldest was a man, aged 93 years. The combined ages of the three women make a sum of 265 years. Four of the men appropriately bore patriarchal names, and many of these persons had been in the workhouse for a considerable period of time. The last-named had been an inmate upwards of eighteen years. He was a coal miner, but had served the best part of his life in the army, and was at Waterloo. Nearly all these persons had enjoyed good health, having their mental and physical faculties but little impaired, till a short time before their decease; and there are still living in the same house several persons upwards of 80 years of age each.



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE DANISH AND AUSTRIAN FLEETS.

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TWO OR THREE COMPLETE PLAYS
IN EVERY NUMBER
FOR ONE PENNY.

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No. 3 published on Wednesday, April 27, contains
"MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM," "THE TEMPEST,"
AND "KING RICHARD II."
WITH THREE ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE THREE PLAYS.

No. 4, published on Wednesday, May 4, contains
"KING HENRY IV," FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 5, published on Wednesday, May 11, contains
"KING HENRY V" AND "KING HENRY VI,"
FIRST PART.
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 6, published on Wednesday, May 18, contains
"KING HENRY VI," SECOND AND THIRD PARTS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

Notice.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the Author, will be complete in about fifteen Penny Numbers.

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There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but the rare and valuable works of his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of the masterpieces of art is natural enough; and hence our determination to announce the publication of a

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OF THE

WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

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Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

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ON WEDNESDAY, April 27th, Number I was issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

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THE LOVE OF A WHOLE LIFE.

By HENRY LESLIE. Illustrated by F. GILBERT.

This new story will faithfully depict the truth of woman's love through every change in life, and form a theme of deep interest from the first chapter to the last.

NOTICE.—In the same number will be recommenced the popular series, with four pages of illustration, entitled

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This New and Beautiful Story was commenced in No. 74 of

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and *REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY* sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 6d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313 Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STRAIGHT EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be notified by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

R. D.—The "broad arrow" on Government stores represents the Phœnix, the well-known arm of the Sydney family. Henry Viscount Sydney, afterwards Earl of Rivers, was Master General of the Ordnance from July, 1691, to June, 1712.

J. D. (P. 115).—There is no charge for the commission, which can only be obtained through the admiral, or the captain of a vessel. First enter as a naval cadet about the age of fourteen or fifteen. On the appointment, you will have to purchase your own outfit and clothes. The pay is about £13 per annum. Promotion would depend on merit as well as qualifications.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		H. W. L. B.
			A. M. P. M.
21	S.	Maria Edgeworth died, 1849	1 41 2 2
22	S.	TRINITY SUNDAY	
23	M.	Albert Smith died, 1860	2 20 2 40
24	T.	Queen Victoria born, 1819	2 53 3 19
25	W.	Princess Helena born, 1819	3 39 4 0
26	T.	Corpus Christi	4 22 4 45
27	F.	King of Hanover born, 1819	5 6 5 31

Moon's changes.—Full moon, 21st, 1h. 24m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Gen. 1; St. Matt. 3. Gen. 18; 1 St. John 5.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is rather remarkable that the first example of a modern sea-fight in European waters should have been furnished by a German squadron. In strict truth, perhaps, we can hardly say that any of the vessels engaged in the battle of Heligoland were fair specimens of the new model, nor does it appear that the tactics expected to regulate naval actions in future were practised on that occasion. The engagement expressed rather the transition phase of warfare in which we find ourselves at present, but for this very reason it is especially instructive. In the details which we have received of the fight the old and new systems may be seen in use together, and the effects of each may be traced and contrasted to good purpose. The German squadron was the stronger of the two, and its commander appears to have had confidence in his own superiority. His ship, the *Schwartzenberg*, was a 50-gun frigate, propelled by a screw, and carrying a complement of 540 men. Her consort, the *Radetzky*, was a 30-gun frigate, similarly propelled, and having a crew of 310 men. The armaments of these vessels consisted in the main of heavy smooth-bored guns, but each frigate did carry two or three rifled cannon of the new pattern upon her upper deck. The Prussian contingent consisted of three gunboats, two of which, at least, were iron-cased, though not strongly, and all of which carried rifled guns. To meet this force the Danes had their 42-gun frigate, the *Niels Juel*, now familiar to us, and two 16-gun sloops, the *Helmedal* and the *Dagmar*. Now, according to our new ideas of naval battles, the whole work should have been done by the iron-clad gun-boats. We should have expected to see these Prussian vessels keeping just out of range of the Danish guns, and pouring in shell from their rifled cannon until the action was decided. The result, too, according to the modern theory, should have been apparent in about ten minutes, when the *Niels Juel* should have been in flames. Nothing of this kind, however, actually occurred. On the contrary, the engagement was commenced, and with one particular exception sustained, exactly in the old fashion. The Austrian commander took his ship into action precisely as Nelson would have done. He carried the *Schwartzenberg* "well in," between the *Niels Juel* and the *Dagmar*, and opened fire with a double broadside. This proceeding appears to have surprised the Danes, as well it might have done, but in a minute or two they recovered themselves, and Captain Tegetoff soon found the difference between old times and new. A shell from the *Niels Juel* hit the *Schwartzenberg* just by one of her heavy smooth-bores, and struck down fourteen out of the sixteen men engaged in serving it. A third shell burst in the ship's canvas, and set the whole rigging of the foremast in a blaze. A third shell exploded in the outer chamber of the powder magazine, and set the timbers on fire. These two conflagrations placed the frigate *hors de combat*, and she was obliged to go out of action with a loss of thirty-one killed and about eighty wounded. Nevertheless, the engagement appears to have lasted altogether nearly two hours. It is curious to trace in these particulars the impressions at work on the rival commanders. Captain Tegetoff evidently believed in the good old system—the system of which he had heard and read as giving British sailors their reputation and success. He copied the tactics of Nelson and Collingwood; held that "no captain could do wrong who placed his ship alongside that of an enemy," engaged his adversary "yard-arm and yard-arm," and met the consequences. Had the *Niels Juel* been a modern ironclad, he must have been blown out of water in five minutes. Had the Danish frigate approached even a degree more nearly to the new standard, he could hardly have survived to deliver his first "double broadside."

A LECTURE on the Strategic Use of Railways in War was recently delivered by Captain Tyler at the United Service Institution, before an audience which included the Commander-in-Chief, and over which the Prince of Wales presided. The importance of the subject was thus emphatically admitted, and certainly not a day too soon. It cannot be said that the revolution introduced into naval war by steam propulsion is greater than that which strategy by land must undergo from the same cause. It is true that in both cases we come ultimately still to the old principle, that the force which is stronger by nature, numbers, or position must win. But all the conditions which are involved in the problem how to make one force the stronger are altered by the use of the new motive power. Instead of the marches of weeks we have now the transit of hours; the effects of fatigue and exhaustion are, in so far as the primary movements are concerned, eliminated from the calculation; stores and provisions may be accumulated with unforeseen celerity and to an incredible amount; the lines of operations are no longer decided by the configuration of the country, but by the course of its arterial railways; while the points which it is now of chief importance to secure are those junctions whence the stream of commerce breaks usually into its separate rills. And if we remember that the great distinction between the older strategy and the modern, which Frederick introduced and Napoleon perfected, lies in the rapidity with which concentration is effected and great operations are urged on, it must be felt that in this new and marvellous addition to the speed of transport we have an element of which the future masters of the art of war will make a yet unde-

veloped use, and with the idea of which it is of infinite importance that all our soldiers should familiarise themselves in time of peace.

Nor has the world already been without practical exemplification of the potency of this new agent. It is beyond doubt that it was only by the construction of the few miles of railway from Balaklava to the front that our army was able to maintain its position before Sebastopol. In the Italian campaign was seen first how great masses of troops might suddenly be gathered and launched on the foe, and then how even the tactics of the battle-field might be affected, and the doubtful victory achieved, by reinforcements hurried up on a neighbouring railway during the very heat of action. These operations have been exemplified on a greater scale in America. From the first conflict, near Manassas Junction, to the last at Chattanooga, the struggle has always been to secure the keys of the railway communication. By this method of transport alone has it been possible to continue the conflict between mighty hosts in regions long ago swept bare of supplies. The South has chiefly profited by it, in moving bodies of troops from point to point secretly along interior lines, and by the wearing out of these communications is its power of longer resistance now most imperilled. Such consequences serve already in some degree to show the results of the railway system, but it need not be observed that they illustrate its capabilities only in a slight degree. They exhibit the use to which even one line of railway may be turned, but they fail to make us comprehend how utterly war will be altered when it is conducted in an old and densely-populated region, where the network of railways is complete, and the means of extending, repairing, and employing them are almost infinite. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the conclusions which Captain Tyler thinks we may justifiably draw from such use of railways as has been made in the Italian and American wars, are all favourable to our position in the event of our being attacked at home. While recognising the facilities which the possession of a line of railway gives to a commander of troops, he pointed out that in a hostile country it must be seriously limited by the case with which, in a few minutes, a part of the line may be so far destroyed as to stop the traffic. For this reason, he considered it was of chief value to a force when operating wholly within its own territory, and that it never could be trusted to by an invader as his sole line of communication. These rules, which are applicable even to continental warfare, are of greatly more importance in the supposition of an invasion of this country. Not only would such lines as the enemy could forcibly get possession of be instantly cut off from the rest, but even what he held would be unserviceable, from the removal of the whole of the rolling stock, a deficiency which an invader by sea could not practically supply. Meantime, the innumerable converging lines which would remain in our possession, all pointing to London, and from London to the coast, would enable us to move troops by a variety of independent routes, while all the locomotives and carriages in the island could in a few hours be made available at the points required.

PRESENTATION OF A ONE HUNDRED GUINEA NUGGET TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

[From the *Ballerat Evening Post* of March 4.]

THE theatre was again crowded to overflowing on Thursday evening to witness a repetition of Mr. Kean's historical portrait of Louis the Eleventh. Having fully noticed the life-like picture upon a previous occasion it is only necessary to say that the points of the character were taken with the same intellectual appreciation, on the part of the audience, that so strikingly marked its first performance. The event of the evening was, however, the handsome presentation of the nugget of gold to Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and the enthusiastic applause, cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and other demonstrations of approval that endowed the delivery of the address, is a very satisfactory proof that the compliments it contains is in strict keeping with public opinion.

Mr. Robert Lee Poer Trench read the following address:—

"TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN."

"Your friends and admirers in Ballarat cannot permit you to leave this town without conveying to you the assurance of their respect and esteem, and expressing the extreme gratification you have afforded them in the display of your genius during your present visit."

"The crowded audience which have nightly witnessed your admirable performances afford the best evidence that your noble art is justly appreciated in this goldfield. It cannot be the less gratifying to you to know that the success which has attended your dramatic performances in Ballarat, as well as throughout the colonies, has been enhanced by the public appreciation of the private worth and social virtues which you have brought to the adornment of your profession. (Cheers.)

"We feel that the success to which we have referred is not less honourable to ourselves than to you, and we are especially proud that in no portion of the colony has that success been more marked than in Ballarat. (Loud cheers.)

"We beg you to accept this nugget taken from our auriferous soil, as a remembrance of your visit to our goldfield. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

"We cherish the hope that when you have retired from the arduous labour of the profession you have so long and worthily adorned into the ease and comfort of private life, accompanied as you surely will be, with that which you have already so well secured, 'Honour, love, troops of friends,' the recollection of your short sojourn in the metropolis of the goldfields will not be the least pleasing reminiscence of your professional career. (Cheers.)

"In now bidding you farewell we cordially wish you the enjoyment of health and happiness, and subscribe ourselves with every feeling of respect and esteem,

"YOUR FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS."

SHAKESPEARE TRICENTENARY.—The 23rd of April was not without its honours in the New World. The arrangements at New York were not very successful; but New York had other things to think about. The first stone of a statue was laid in the Central Park by Mr. Hackett, the actor; but the attendance was thin. Manager Wheatly addressed the assemblage, and recited a poem composed for the occasion. It will suffice if we quote the opening lines:—

"Three hundred years have passed away
Since by the Avon, gentle river,
A boon to cheer the hearts of men
Was sent to us by the great All-Giver."

In Canada the day was observed in the chief towns with spirit; but unfortunately it was very wet. Services were held in cathedrals, memorial oaks planted, recitations given, and various public entertainments closed the day. At Quebec, the "Merchant of Venice" was performed by members of the dramatic Club, under the patronage of Lady Mounck, the Speaker of both houses, the mayor, the chief officers of the garrison, and the presidents of the various national societies.

General News.

Two women who were searching for shell-fish in Belfast harbour, when the tide was out, discovered a rudely-constructed coffin in the mud. When opened by the police, it was found to contain the skeleton of a full-grown woman. There being no means of identifying the remains the coroner did not think it necessary to hold an inquest. The body must have been secretly cast out there, whether from a ship or not could be only a matter of conjecture. The discovery, the *Northern Whig* says, caused a great deal of excitement and curiosity.

The *Wick papers* state authoritatively that the Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to visit the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle in September. In anticipation of a review before their royal highnesses the Sutherland volunteers are very busy at drill.

In an auction sale of wine which took place a few days back at Wurzburg (Germany) was a cask not less than 137 years old. There were also wines of the most favourable years known; among others of 1713, 1789, 1807, 1811, and six casks of the year 1822. A large number of purchasers had assembled.

A FIRE burst forth the other night in Baron Rothschild's chateau, at Ferrières, near Paris, the domain where he lately had the honour of receiving the Emperor Napoleon. The building groined under a perfect plethora of art; articles of vertu were piled up pell-mell in every corner, for some demon had whispered to Vint, "Have a taste." Some £50,000 worth of these articles fell a prey to the flames, but the wealthy Israelite will have no difficulty in replacing them.

A REMARKABLE case of longevity is mentioned as having occurred in the commune of St. Gomme (Gironde) where a woman, the widow of a farmer named Barbe, has just died at the age of 106 years and three months. She was born in the reign of Louis XV., in 1757, the year of the battle of Roshach and of the attempt of Danton. A remarkable particularity is stated in the local journals connected with this woman—namely, that she lived principally on garlic and shallots.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, M. Meyerbeer has left a fortune estimated at £1,000.

A REMARKABLE circumstance has just come to our knowledge connected with the recent calamitous accident at Sheffield. At the time the inundation took place a living infant floated in a cradle from Sheffield to Mexborough, a small place four miles distant from Doncaster. The little stranger, it appears, fell into the hands of a clergyman's wife, who treated it with great kindness, and she is now bringing it up as her own, no one having yet owned it. These circumstances are from a trustworthy source, and we have no reason to doubt their truth.—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

THE Rev. James Amis, D.D., who has been nominated by the Crown to the bishopric of Lincoln, about to become vacant by the elevation of Dr. Francis Jeune to the bishopric of Peterborough, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1824, having in the previous year obtained the Norrison prize, an honour which he also gained in 1875.

THE Bradford Volunteer Corps of Artillery has been selected by the Secretary of State for War as one of several similar corps which are each to be furnished with two 9-pounder (brass) field guns, with the necessary harness for horses, two sets of saddlery, &c.

THE Rev. G. A. Humble, M.D., curate of St. Mark's Church, Totham-street, Islington, has been appointed physician and missionary to St. Columba, South America, in connexion with the South American Missionary Society. The Rev. gentleman is a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and a licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries.

EARL RUSSELL, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has issued invitations for a grand entertainment on Tuesday, the 24th inst., in celebration of her Majesty's birthday, to the whole of the foreign ambassadors and ministers, together with some of the leading diplomatic servants of the Crown at present in England.

THE RE GALANTUOMO.

THE *Gibraltar Chronicle* of the 28th ult. in reporting the departure on the previous day of the Italian frigate *Re Galantuomo* for Naples, gives the following additional particulars of her disastrous voyage across the Atlantic:—"An American gentleman, who was accommodated with a passage to Italy in the ship, bears admiring testimony to the discipline and calm courage with which both officers and crew conducted themselves in the perilous crisis. It appears that for three days and nights they were literally looking death in the face. The straining of the vessel in the storm made her leak so much that in the contest between the over-keel crew at the pumps and the water pouring in from the opening seams the victory was long doubtful. At one time they gained slightly on the water in the hold, and at another a fiercer paroxysm of the hurricane overpowered all the exertions of the crew, and the terrible report went round that the water was gaining upon them. To add to the horror of their situation, some of the pumps at one time got out of order, and the water so far got the mastery as to extinguish the furnaces and deprive the ship of the aid of her steam machinery. But throughout this desperate struggle for life, nothing like flinching or despondency was visible, and the American gentleman who had admired the performance of the gay young Italian officers in the ball-rooms of New York, in which only they had been hospitably entertained and fed during the winter, was much struck by the coolness and pluck with which they worked away at the pumps and by their example encouraged the crew to exertion. There appears to be an impression on the part of the officers that the commander of the *Star of the West* did not make every effort he might have done to keep by them. When he came within hail, and their sinking condition was made known, he replied that he could give them no assistance. It is admitted, however, that he made the signals as stated in his report, and the circumstance of the vessels parting company is explained by the fact that they were not lying to, but that the *Re Galantuomo* was running free, and the *Star of the West* was apparently accompanying her, not steering in a parallel line, and therefore her oblique course every hour separated the vessels by a greater distance. Besides the main-deck guns, the cattle that had been taken on board for their supply during the voyage were thrown overboard to lighten the ship. For three days all the fires were extinguished, and officers and men working at the pumps had no other food than biscuits, water, and whisky. When the storm was past the commander of the *Re Galantuomo* determined to return to New York, a succession of strong westerly gales frustrated this intention, and he turned round to the northward in order to make the port of Halifax; but as it proved late were opposed to the gallant ship, hard north-east breeze barred her progress in this direction also, and it was at last decided to bear up for the Azores. It was thus thirty-five days after leaving America before the *Re Galantuomo* reached a port in which to refit."

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELLENT FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Wright and Mann 143, Holborn Bars. Manufacturers Ipswich. [Advertisement.]
Mr. JOHN BAKER, 35, St. James-place, Plumstead, says:—"Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years, standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s 1/4, 2s 9d, &c., by T. Hall, 6 Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

CONVICTION OF A SWINDLER.

THE Court of Assizes of Geneva lately tried a young mulatto, who gave the name of Charles Delafeld, but has been known by those of Hamilton, Bernard, and others, on numerous charges of swindling and forgery. It appeared from the indictment and the evidence given in court that in October, 1862, the prisoner called on Colonel Congard, of Geneva, representing himself to belong to a wealthy family of South America, and to be the heir of a fortune amounting to several millions. He gave the colonel a long account of his adventures in Europe, and especially in Belgium where he had fallen in love with a young lady named Baer, the daughter of wealthy parents residing at Brussels; that a marriage had been arranged between them, but obstacles having arisen, his intended who was a minor, had eloped with him and come to Geneva. He implored the colonel to aid him in taking the measures necessary for celebrating the marriage as soon as possible, and, as a security for any expense that might be incurred, he offered to transfer to him a bill for £2,000, lying in the hands of MM. Fillet-Wil and Company, bankers in Paris. He added that this bill was accepted by a rich merchant of Brussels named Hannot, and was payable on the 24th December following. The colonel, having written to Paris, and being informed, by return of post, that the amount of the bill would be remitted as soon as paid, immediately consented to aid the prisoner. With this view Colonel Congard corresponded, through the medium of Hannot, with the Baer family, and received answers which satisfied him of the truth of the prisoner's story. He at once installed the prisoner in a country-house belonging to himself near Geneva, and recommended him as a good customer to different tradesmen of the town. The prisoner took advantage of this circumstance to obtain from them a quantity of furniture, silk, diamonds, and other jewellery to a considerable amount. One tradesman sold him a set of drawing-room rosewood furniture for 18,000fr. (£760); lacemen, silk mercers, jewellers, and others contributed in a like proportion. On the 29th of November the prisoner induced the colonel, by means of forged letters, to go to Brussels to arrange certain matters with the Baer family, and during his absence he and the young woman who lived with him took to flight, carrying off with them the most of the valuables they had obtained on credit. The colonel, on arriving at Brussels, found that the only true part of the prisoner's story was his elopement with Mdlle. Baer, and that all the letters he had received apparently from her family had been written by the prisoner and sent to Brussels, where they were again posted for Geneva by Hannot, who turned out to be a worthless fellow, the paid accomplice of the prisoner. It was also ascertained that Delafeld had followed a similar course of swindling at Rotterdam, Dresden, and other places. The prisoner was ultimately arrested at Naples, and given up to the Swiss authorities by the Italian Government. In court he conducted himself with the utmost hardness. He asserted that he was a relative of the Procureur-General of Hayti; that his motive for so often changing his name and residence was solely to escape the pursuit of the young woman's father, and that he should have met all his engagements if he had not been hunted down by the Swiss police. The evidence of his swindling at Geneva, however, was conclusive, and the jury finding him "Guilty" he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

TRIAL FOR SEDUCTION.

IN the Court of Common Pleas has been tried a case, *Harber v. Rust*. The plaintiff, a widow in humble circumstances, residing at Crane's-grove-terrace, Holloway, sued the defendant, a commercial traveller, in the employment of Thompson and Co., wine merchants, Liverpool, for damages for the seduction of her daughter. Plaintiff had two sons and two daughters, of whom Emily, the youngest, was seduced, was one. In January, 1863, Emily was in the employment of a shawl manufacturer in the City. One evening in July, when she was returning home from work with a female friend, the defendant accosted them in Finsbury-square, and walked with them, talking, until they came near the Grecian Theatre, in the City-road. At the defendant's solicitation they went to that establishment, and after remaining an hour and a-half, the defendant accompanied the plaintiff's daughter to her home in a cab. She agreed to meet him the following week near the Queen's Hotel, Aldersgate-street, where he was staying. She did meet him, and they went to a place in Leicester-square, where they had supper and some wine, and afterwards they went to another place in the same locality, where the defendant effected her ruin. The acquaintance continued, and they corresponded by letter. The defendant in his letters addressed her as "My dear Emily," and signed himself "with kind love, believe me, dearest, yours sincerely." The other parts of the letters were couched in equally affectionate terms. On one he said, "I am in receipt of your kind letter, and am sorry to say I cannot avail myself of the pleasure of your society until the evening, when I trust you will be able to meet me at the Post-office. I trust you reached home in time, so as not to cause my little pet any uneasiness of mind. Do you know, darling, I long to see that pretty face of yours again." Writing about the time of the Prince of Wales's marriage, from Portsmouth, he said, "I should have answered your kind letter ere this, had it not been such a pressing week. I trust my dear little pet enjoyed herself. Dear Emily, I shall be in London on Monday, and will see my darling at the same place as before." Various meetings took place, but in June the defendant failed to keep an appointment, and the plaintiff never saw him again. At this time she was pregnant, and on the 3rd of March last she was confined of a daughter, who is still living. During her pregnancy she wrote several times to the defendant, who, however, did not answer her letters.

Emily Harber, who had deposed to the above facts, denied, in cross-examination, that she had intercourse with the defendant the first time she met him; but she admitted that the defendant, on three of the occasions when he met her, gave her money—half a sovereign, a sovereign, and some shillings.

The defendant himself was called, and he said that on the first night he saw the plaintiff they went first to a public-house and had some drink, and afterwards to the Grecian Theatre. The same night he accompanied her to Oxford-street in a cab, and on that occasion he had intercourse with her. She made no difficulty about the matter, or about receiving money afterwards. He never told her he was not married, nor did he promise to marry her. He was a married man.

Charles Cummings, who had been a police-officer, and had been employed by the defendant in this case, said that the plaintiff had offered to settle the affair for £9 or £10.

The jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for £30 damages.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO CAMBRIDGE.—In compliance to the Princess of Wales, and as an exhibition of sympathy with her feelings, which have been so cruelly wounded by the treacherous and sanguinary attack that has been made by the Prussians and Austrians upon the dominions and subjects of her royal father, the King of Denmark, it is understood that, at the approaching royal visit, the national colours of Denmark, red and white, will be the fashionable hue of the ladies' dresses, both morning and evening, and will be conspicuously displayed in the decoration of streets, buildings, marquees, and the like.—*Cambridge Independent*.

TEA ANCOLOURED TEAS are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

TRIAL FOR MURDER BY POISON IN FRANCE.

THE interest taken by the French public in this trial seemed to increase when it was known that the two daughters of Madame Pauw—the person alleged to have been poisoned by her paramour, La Pommerais, as recounted in last week's issue of this journal—would appear as witnesses. The judges entered the court at ten o'clock, the prisoner having been brought in, as usual, a few minutes before.

The first witness called was Mdlle. Felicie Pauw, who was in deep mourning, and appeared greatly agitated. As she was only fourteen years of age the court decided that she should not be sworn. In answer to the president's question she stated that she knew the prisoner who had ceased to visit her mother for nearly a year till some time before her death. Her mother had spoken to her about the insurance on her life, and the prisoner had made her mother write a great number of letters, which he always took away with him. These letters were addressed to her mother's relatives to inform them that she was ill, though she was quite well at the time. Her mother had never complained of palpitation of the heart. It was not true that her mother had met with a fall, though that was alleged as the cause of her pretended illness. Her mother was attended by Dr. Nelaton and other physicians, but she never took the medicine prescribed. Some of them thought there was nothing the matter with her. The prisoner sometimes gave her mother small sums, such as 10fr. (8s.) but not often; was quite sure he had never given her mother 13,000fr. for she was always short of money; but when her mother stayed at home for the doctors to see her, he promised to pay her 3fr. a day for the lesson she had lost at the Grand Hotel, but he only paid it twice. On the 9th of November her mother vomited a good deal, and then thought the prisoner had given her some medicine to prevent the cholera. Her mother said she was not very ill, and should be quite well in twenty-four hours. She was not present when her mother died.

The prisoner denied what the witness said respecting his frequent visits to Madame Pauw and the letters written by the deceased; but the witness, in reply to the president, declared positively that her mother had written two letters to her grandfather and aunt announcing her illness.

The other daughter, Adelaide Pauw, who is only twelve, was not interrogated.

Madame Delettre, who lived in the same house, deposed that the deceased had told her that she pretended to be ill, and expected a good sum of money by so doing. She knew that deceased was poor and in debt.

Madame Biord, a schoolmistress, deposed that the deceased had told her that La Pommerais visited her every Saturday, and that she expected to get 3,000fr. (£120) a year out of the insurance companies by feigning illness. Deceased had always said that she was in the family way, and that La Pommerais was the father. She dined with the deceased the day preceding her death, and she then appeared quite well. The deceased was always poor, and she (witness) did not think it possible that the prisoner could have given her 13,000fr.

Several other witnesses gave evidence to the same effect, respecting the simulated illness of the deceased and her straitened circumstances.

Jules Desmidt, assurance agent, deposed as follows:—"M. de la Pommerais first came to me in May last year. He said that he wanted to effect an insurance in favour of a child yet unborn, and after I had explained to him the nature of such insurances, he further stated that, having had intimate relations before his own marriage with a married woman, since left a widow, he intended to devote 20,000fr. (£800) a year to insure a rather considerable sum on her life. The importance of the sum to be insured, and the prisoner's title of count, left me no doubt of the sincerity of his proposals. I thought that the interest he took in Madame Pauw's children arose from his own relation to them. He introduced me to Madame Pauw, who seemed anxious to have the business settled at once, and spoke very highly of La Pommerais. The insurance companies readily accepted the proposals made, and sent their physicians to see Madame Pauw, whom they all found a very promising life. The policies were soon afterwards filed up, and the first money paid. I always thought the prisoner quite a gentleman in all his acts. The prisoner talked to me about purchasing a house for 400,000fr. (£16,000).

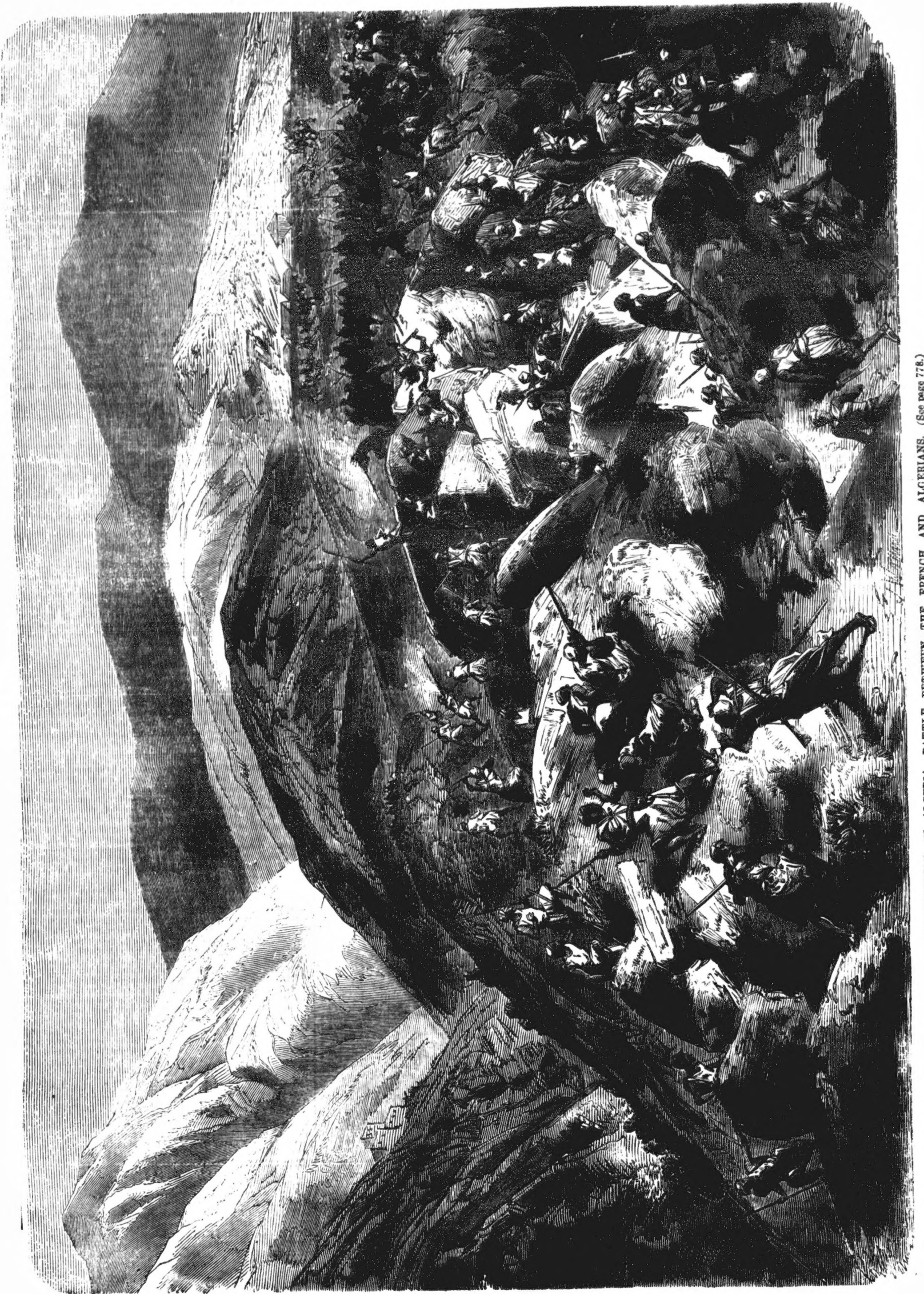
HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.—One of the most curious accidents of the war is that by which Captain Fisher, of the gunboat *Miami*, has met his death at Plymouth, North Carolina. As he saw the Confederate ram approaching—the *Albatross*, for that is its name—he sighted the large gun himself, and stood by as she was fired. The iron-clad was only half a length from him then. The shell struck the roof of the ram, rebounded, and hit Captain Fisher, exploding and killing him instantly. In fact, he was almost torn to pieces. This ram is accompanied by a formidable water battery, securely protected by cotton bales, behind which artillery and small arms can be securely used. The name of the satellite is the *Cotton Plant*.

AN EXAMPLE FOR IMITATION.—The valuable living of St. Mary's, Nottingham, being about to be vacated, the patron, Earl Maunver, sought out most anxiously the fittest man for the post, and has just offered it to the Rev. Francis Morse, M.A., incumbent of St. John's, Ladywood, near Birmingham, and Burslem Lecturer last year. The way in which the noble patron made known his selection is explained in the following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Morse to his congregation and parishioners:—"A few days ago I received from Earl Maunver, a perfect stranger to me, the offer of the vicarage of St. Mary's, Nottingham. It is a valuable living; the church is the mother church of that town; and the position is one of the most important in the diocese of Lincoln. His lordship told me that he had been looking out for a man during the last three months; that the Bishop of London, who is also a stranger to me, had mentioned my name to him; and that from his testimony and that of others he had been induced to place the living in my hands." Mr. Morse has held his present incumbency for a period of ten years; he has a crowded congregation, who are devotedly attached to him and his ministry.

A GALLANT FELLOW.—The following is an extract of a letter from the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company at King George's Sound, Australia, to the directors, dated April 1, 1864:—"An incident occurred on the 9th ult. to one of the company's boats, which was capsized in a sudden squall, placing Mr. Toll and the crew in the utmost danger, as they were only rescued after five hours' exposure on the bottom of the boat. In reporting this, I would beg to call your especial notice to the very courageous conduct of Mr. Albert Williams, nephew of the boat'swain of the store-ship *Larkins*, who formed one of the boat's crew, he having volunteered to swim a distance of not less than two miles to the nearest beach in order to obtain assistance. After accomplishing this feat in a sea swarming with sharks, one of which followed the boat and took away Mr. Toll's coat, Williams ran a further distance of two and a-half miles over a rugged mountain covered with thick scrub before he could obtain any help; and though much exhausted and torn he persisted in joining the first boat which set out to seek for Mr. Toll and his crew." We are happy to add to this record of courage and endurance that the Board of the Peninsular and Oriental Company voted £20 to be expended in an appropriate testimonial to Mr. Williams.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at 135, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

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INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.—BATTLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ALGERIANS. (See page 778.)



WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—THE VAN TO HAMPTON COURT. (See page 771.)



WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—THE PLEASURE GARDENS. (See page 771.)

INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.—BATTLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ALGERIANS. (See page 778.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—"La Sonnambula" was produced here on Monday evening to a house crowded to excess. From the commencement of the opera Mlle. Adeline Patti exhibited in her Artina the precious characteristics which mark all her impersonations and stamps her as a born artist—the thorough absorption in the imaginary character which knows not a moment of cessation. From the time when she enters overflowing with light-hearted gaiety, to respond to the congratulations of her companions on her approaching marriage, to the last thrilling outburst of joy and thankfulness, her performance was most brilliant. Of her execution of the music it would be impossible to speak too highly. Her voice has gained in roundness without losing any of its sparkling beauty, and while it is delicious in its utterances of tenderness and passion, sings in joyous passages with a bird-like brilliance, in which all the glances of an innocent heart appears to gush out in irrepressible melody. M. Naudin played Elvino for the first time in England, and his interpretation of the character left a good deal to be desired. It lacked refinement, though we are bound to record that his singing of "Ah! perche non posso odiarti," won for him the honour of a double r. call. M. Faure was the Rodolfo, assuming the character for the first time, and which he admirably sustained. Not only did he play the part like a high-bred gentleman, but his byplay was throughout instinct with dramatic feeling, being especially admirable in the last act. Throughout this his acting was pre-eminently natural and artistic, and his rendering of the music was as great a treat as his dramatic performance. Madame Tagliaflo was an excellent Lisa, and the choruses were all excellently given. Mlle. Adeline Patti was summoned at the end of each act and received with enthusiasm, and at the end of the opera M. Faure and Signor Naudin shared with her the honour. A sparkling and very well mounted ballet: "L'ile Enchantee," in which Mlle. Salvini danced with her wonted grace, followed the opera. This evening (Saturday) "Goglielmo Tell" will be again produced, the principal part being sustained by Herr Wachtel, whose portrait will be found on page 772. This gentleman, who has created so great a sensation in the musical world, is a German by birth. He visited this country about two years since, and performed in "Lucia di Lammermoor." He at that period gave much promise as a singer. Since then he has been to Italy; and now on his return he has at once been acknowledged as the greatest singer that has appeared for years. Even Meyerbeer acknowledged him as the finest voice he had ever heard. We have already spoken of his talents in previous notices, and the *faure* he caused by his rendering of "Da quella pira" and "Ah, che la morte," as Marico in "Il Trovatore," in which character we have given him in our portrait.

HER MAJESTY'S—The success of M. Gounod's "Faust" was renewed on Saturday night by one of the most splendid performances that has ever been given of this popular opera. With one exception, the cast was the same as that which last year brought the work into such vogue. The part of Siebel so long sustained by Mlle. Frebelle, was undertaken by Mlle. Betzelheim, who gave general satisfaction, and was obliged to repeat the favourite flower-song, "Le parlate d'aor." Mlle. Tineus was never in fuller command of her great powers. Indeed, her voice seems this year to be a purer and fresher than ever, while it is as certainly more absolutely under her control. Signor Guggini's perfect rendering of the cavatina in the garden scene of course won its accustomed encore; and Mr. Sautley, who resumed his former character of Valentine, sang throughout the opera with even more than ordinary effect. The performances of the entire opera reflected great credit on Signor Ardi.

DRURY LANE—Mr. Phelps has again appeared during the past week, which is the last of the present season, in his great part of Falstaff in "Henry IV." The opening and finishing pieces have been "An April Fool," and "My Heart's in the Highlands."

HAYMARKET—"David Garrick," of which we have already given special notice has attracted large audiences here during the past week. "The Balance of Comfort" and "Venus and Adonis" also adds to the attraction.

ST. JAMES'S—A new five-act comedy by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and entitled "The Fox Chase," has been produced at this theatre. The piece has been previously played in New York, and traces of a reference to transatlantic tastes will be frequently met with both in the dialogue and in the situations. Although in five acts, the play can hardly claim to be considered a comedy, abounding as it does in farcical and melodramatic incidents; but it is amusing throughout, and the writing is full of terse, epigrammatic lines. It is somewhat strange that the principal feature of the plot should be identical with "David Garrick," now playing at the Haymarket—namely, that of a young lady falling in love with an actor, and he, at the solicitation of the father, dining at the latter's residence, where he conducts himself in such a manner as to cure the young lady of her love-dreams. Since the production of this new comedy, a considerable amount of correspondence has taken place as to its originality, upon that point, we have not space to enter. We can only say the piece is admirably played, and that it is successful. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, Mr. Frederic Robinson, Mr. J. Clarke, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews are included in the cast.

OLYMPIC—"Sense and Sensation; or, the Seven Sisters of Thule," a morality, by Mr. Tom Taylor, has been a long time announced, and was produced on Monday evening last, the 302nd night of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." The morality consists of a prologue and five scenes. In the prologue, King Sense summons about him his seven daughters, representing each a virtue, and despatches them on a mission of redemption to the world in which Sultan Sensation wields a usurped authority through his seven sons, each an embodied vice. The five scenes work out the mission and counter-mission—the vices striving in vain, though with apparent success, to seduce the virtues from the service of Sense to that of Sensation. Through the school, the street, and the stage, pass the attract virtues in the guise of weak women. Faith is thus made to stoop with Pride as a footman, drops with Luxury as a misanthrope, and Charity with Anger as a professor of physiology. The stage is saturated by the exhibition of its weaknesses behind the scenes, and the revelation of the "inner life" of actors on the boards. A "sensation" drama, supposed to be founded on the earthquake of Lisbon, is exhibited in a scene of preparation, and some ridicule is attempted to be cast on the efforts of compotest managers. The rhyming dialogue is almost devoid of point, and the few puns occasionally introduced are of the most antique pattern. The whole of the company gave every effect possible to the performance; but the dreariness was too much for the audience. The piece terminates with the triumph of virtue, by the aid of Mr. T. rather than of Mr. Tom Taylor.

STRAND—Mr. J. P. Wooler has contributed to this theatre a new one-act comedy, entitled the "Wild of Honour." It is a story of love-making and of disguise, and difficult. Captain Lord (Mr. D. James) presents himself to the Duchess of Carrers (Miss Kate Cars) as a satirist for her husband on behalf of Louis, Prince of Savoy. The Duchess favours the satirist for himself, not for his master. But a mischief-loving cousin, the Countess D. (Miss Ad. Swabourgh), with the aid of her friend Laura D. (Miss Eliza Johnstone), complicates the business. The execution of their purpose is cleverly executed by the representatives of these young ladies—Miss Ad. Swabourgh displaying all her coquettish charms in the alternation of sullen petulance and fascinating humour; and Miss Eliza Johnstone assuming with finished ease all the airs of a favoured and saucy page. The comedietta was well

received. Mr. Byron's burlesque of "Mazourka" continues to be received with shouts of laughter and applause.

AS LAY'S—The new drama for Whitsuntide at this establishment is entitled "The Spy of the Republic." It abounds in stirring situations and has been admirably placed on the stage. Our space will not allow of further notice this week. "The Three Black Seals," which is the afterpiece, is also an exciting drama.

THE THEATRES, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, have been very well attended during the past week. Our space will not admit of our noticing several other new productions at other houses. We must reserve them until our next.

CRYSTAL PALACE—The magnificent weather on Monday and Tuesday had the effect of attracting thousands of holiday folks to this delightful spot. The additional attractions were on a large scale, but the beauty of the grounds now is all-sufficient. Never did they look so brilliant in colour on any Whit-Monday before; and never did the vast concourse appear so thoroughly to appreciate their beauties.

MADAME TESSAUND's, the **POLYTECHNIC** and other entertainments equally shared in the public patronage on the great London holiday—Whit-Monday, and never perhaps were more holiday-makers about. Steam-boats and railways were compelled to refuse thousands of anxious pleasure-seekers.

The Court.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales held a drawing-room at St. James's Palace on Saturday afternoon, on behalf of her Majesty.

The Princess of Wales wore a rich black silk train, trimmed with a deep border of ermine and jet; a petticoat of black silk, covered with bouillants and ruffles of ermine, and ornamented with jet; head-dress, a tiara of jet, with black feathers and tails veil. Ornaments jet. Her royal highness also wore the Victoria and Albert badge, and the insignia of the Order of Isabella of Portugal.

Her Majesty arrived at Balmoral Castle on Saturday afternoon. At Aberdeen and Aboyne the public were admitted to the stations. Her Majesty graciously acknowledged the salutations of the spectators.

We are enabled to state that their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will honour Ascot races with their presence on Tuesday, the 7th, and Thursday, the 9th of June. They will proceed from the railway station to the course in the Queen's carriages, and the groom and outriders will wear their scarlet and gold liveries.—*Court Journal*.

The Queen will return to Windsor on the 10th of June, where her Majesty will remain until the end of the parliamentary session. We understand that the Queen will not go to Germany this year.

Sporting.

BETTING AT FATTERSALL'S.

DERBY—5 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (t and off); 6 to 1 agst Captain John White's Cambruscan (taken); 100 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (taken); 17 to 2 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (taken); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Conestable (offered); 100 to 7 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t and off); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Fanson's Blair Athol off, take 20 to 1; 20 to 1 agst Mr. Cartwright's Ely (taken freely); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Brown's Baragah (t and off); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Osborne's Prince Arthur (taken); 33 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Copenhagen (taken); 33 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forger (t and off); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Valentine's Hollyfox (t and off); 33 to 1 agst Sir F. Johnstone's Historian (t and off); 40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Acworth (taken); 50 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Strafford (t and off); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Hodgman's Valiant (offered); 50 to agst Mr. W. Day's Signalman (offered); 66 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Idler (offered); 100 to 10 Mr. G. Oates's King John (t and off); 1,000 to 5 agst Mr. Weatherall's Dormouse (t and off); 5,000 to 15 agst Mr. J. B. Starky's Izak Walton (t); 900 to 400 agst General Peel and Cambruscan coupled (t);

RACING FIXTURES FOR MAY.

Epsom 24 | Harpenden 20

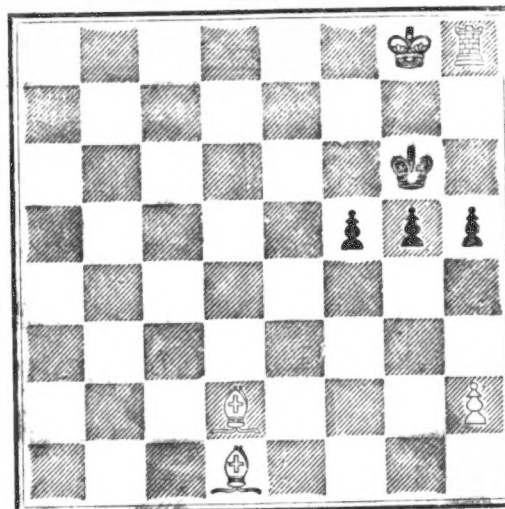
THE INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA.

In our impression of May 7 we gave the particulars of the insurrection which had taken place in Algeria, detailing the attack on the French troops by the Arabs. We this week give an illustration of the disastrous affair, which will be found on page 776. Recent accounts state that the insurrection had been suppressed under more favourable circumstances than could have been expected.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL—The works in connection with the national memorial were last week commenced by Mr. Kelk, to whom the execution of the entire contract has been entrusted. The site chosen for it is in Hyde Park, almost facing the entrance to the Horticultural Gardens, and on this spot the excavations for the foundations are being made. From the great height (160 ft) and the immense solidity and massiveness of the memorial, the foundations have to be taken unusually deep, considering the excellent nature of the soil, which is all gravel. Under the centre part they are to be formed of 16 feet of concrete, and nowhere are they to be less than 10 feet. The base of the memorial is to consist of broad and lofty flights of steps that give access to the work on four sides, and the work itself is to be no less than 130 feet square. The steps of grey granite are to be laid in a double flight, with a broad landing between the lower and upper tier. From this upper landing the memorial proper rises, the basement being formed of a noble frieze in marble, the figures on which will be in high relief and of life-size. The columns which support the spiral superstructure of the memorial are to consist of groups of four red granite pillars, each two feet in diameter. Their capitals are exceedingly rich, and will be surmounted with statues of heroic size. The spiral, if we may so call it, which rises in the arch, is one of the richest and most elaborate of all Mr. Scott's designs. It will be built of red and grey granite, and the rich white stone known as Darley Dale. The terminal and surrounding cross will be of wrought copper gilt, and this portion of the work is to be executed by the Skidmore Art Company, whose robes screen in the transept of the last Exhibition excited such admiration for its exquisite finish. Beneath the ground arch will be placed the statue of the late Prince Consort. His royal highness is represented in robes of state, seated on a chair of state. The proportions of the figure are on a scale which is the same as the relief of standing, and of a height of 30 ft. The whole of the figure and the other group of a lady will surround the memorial, and will be in complete harmony with the whole of the monument. The cost of the monument is £120,000. The laying of the foundation-stone will be marked by a public ceremony, at which the members of the royal family will be present. No date is fixed for this event; which, indeed, is not likely to take place till late in autumn.

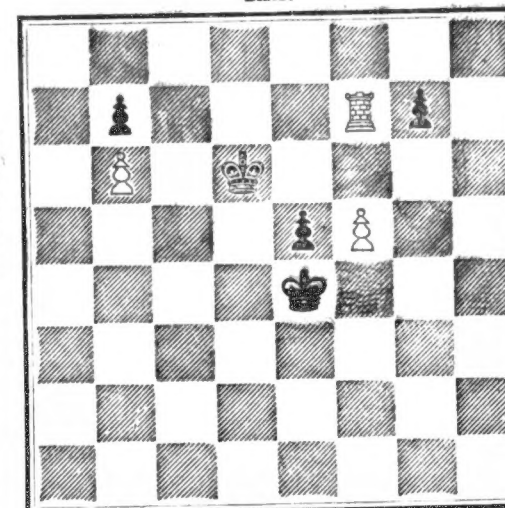
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 179.—By W. GRIMSHAW, ESQ.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 180.—By A. D. L.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in five moves.

Game between Mr. White (Lowick) and another amateur.

White.	Black.
Mr. J. White.	Amateur.
1. P to Q B 4	1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3	2. P to K B 4
3. P to K 3	3. K to K B 3
4. P to Q 4	4. P to K 5 (a)
5. Q to Kt 3	5. P to Q 3
6. P to K B 3 (b)	6. Kt to K 4 (c)
7. K Kt to R 3	7. P takes P
8. P takes P	8. B to K 2
9. Q B to Q 2	9. B to K 5 (ch)
10. K to Q square	10. P to Kt 3
11. B to K Kt 2	11. P to Q B 3
12. P to K B 4	12. Castles
13. K to Q B 2	13. B to K 2
14. P to Q B 5 (ch)	14. K to K square
15. Q B P takes Q P	15. Q takes P
16. B to K B 3	16. B to K 3
17. P to Q 5 (d)	17. B to K B 2
18. Q R to K Kt square (e)	18. P to K R 3
19. P to K 4	19. P takes K P
20. B takes P	20. K to K B 3
21. B to K Kt 6	21. Kt to K Kt square (f)
22. Kt to K 4	22. Q to Q 2
23. Q to K Kt 3	23. B takes P (g)
24. Q R to Q B 3	24. B to Q B 4
25. Kt takes K B	25. P takes Kt
26. K B to B 5 (h)	26. B takes K R
27. Q B to K 5	27. Q to K 5 (ch)
28. K B to K 6	28. B to K B 2
29. K to B square	29. Q to Kt 2
30. P to K B 5	30. Q Kt to R 3
31. Kt to K B 4	31. K R to K B 2
32. Kt checks	32. K to R 1
33. Kt to K 7	33. Q takes Kt
34. Q to K 6 (ch)	34. K to R square
35. B takes R	

Black resigns.

- (a) We should have preferred P takes Q P.
(b) This seems premature. He ought rather to have played B to K 2.
(c) The correct reply.
(d) Well played.
(e) K R to K Kt square looks better.
(f) Is there any valid objection to Black's capturing the Q P with Bishop at this point? It certainly seems preferable to the move made.
(g) We should have certainly preferred P takes Q P (dis ch), although even then White would have had a strong attack. The following is a probable continuation:—
B to Q B 3
B to K B 5
P takes Q P (dis ch)
P to Q 5 (best)
B to Q square
and Black will win a piece.
(h) The termination is very cleverly played by White.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION-HOUSE.

BOW STREET.

WESTMINSTER.

CLERKENWELL.

USKARING A MAN Laid. — A rough, determined-looking fellow, wearing a blue coat, John Crook, and described himself as a bricklayer labourer, residing at 5 No. main-bulldings, St Luke's was charged before Mr Barker on remand with being drunk creating a disturbance at Windsor Castle public-house and tavern, City road, and further with assaulting the landlord, Mr Charles Cole, and breaking his leg and also assaulting Mr William Hickle, a wheelmaker. Mr Ricketts defended him. A certificate was put in, signed by the house surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that the leg was broken.

WORSHIP STREET.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SOUTH MARK.

TEAMES.

ЛАЧВЕТИ.

FANDSWORTH.

GREEN WICH.

A ROBERT DETECTED BY THE LACKING OF A WATCH — Bridget Se aged 18, a prostitute, was charged with stealing a silver watch, the property of Charles Bird, a gardener, residing at New-croft, Deptford. The constable 217 B said that at two o'clock that morning he met the prisoner at Deptford, and inquired where she was going. She pointed down a lane and said she was going to her house at which the watch was stolen. Whilst talking to the prisoner he heard the ticking of a watch after waiting with her as far as the house at which the "wate" was beld, he asked the prisoner if she could tell him the time. The prisoner replied that she could not, but to him where there was a house in the lane at which he could see a clock. Witness there he knew she had a watch, because he could hear it tick when she passed him. The prisoner then produced the watch from her pocket, and he took her into custody upon a suspicion of receiving the watch. After being looked up at the station a short time the prisoner at the station and gave information to the acting inspector of having recovered his watch, and on the watch found upon the prisoner he shown to him he identified it as his property. The prosecutor said he was for liquor on arriving at New-croft by the 1220 midnight train where he met the prisoner and accompanied her to a house in the road near the "Barbours" Tavern, Deptford, where he saw her go into a room to the landlady, and after she was gone he saw her return and was robbed of the watch produced. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," and appeared agreeably surprised at only receiving a sentence of three weeks' imprisonment.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER LIX.

JULY 4.—LUCKNOW.

"Blest if I've had a rap o' sleep," says Corporal Tim Flat on the morning of the 4th of July; "never was such a mortal row! What feller can keep a bright look-out when he can't get forty winks?"

Tim was not grumbling, though his words may appear to have tended that way. All through that night of the 3rd of July the firing on the part of the enemy was terrible. It never ceased for one moment. It appeared as though the Indians, having once gained their one great advantage—that of the mortal wounding of Sir Henry—were determined the general should not have another peaceful moment in this life.

It may safely be said that from the moment Sir Henry was struck to the instant when the dismal news spread over the camp that he was "gone," the roar of artillery did not cease for ten minutes. Pieces that had in times of peace been pleasant promenades, were now scored and seamed with raging shot, so that they reminded you of the face of a very old man.

The trees within the Residency grounds were not spared. Already they began to droop—struck, battered, and scored as they were every minute by shot and shell.

As for the houses, already, by this 4th July, there was not a building in the citadel that had not been "baptized with iron."

Tim Flat was quite right—there was no getting any sleep for five minutes. To speak plainly, the besieged had not yet got used to the racket. These were, however, to accustom themselves to the roar.

In fact, the conditions of sleep in Lucknow strongly reminded one of the old tale of the miller, who obtaining a wife and mill, thought himself happy, till he found the noise of the latter deprived him of slumber. He got used to it, time went on, and when he retired quite a prosperous miller, he had grown so accustomed to the clack of the mill that his only mode of gaining rest was to be ground to sleep with the hand coffee mill.

So at Lucknow.

For the first few days in July, the besieged, distracted with the riot, were more worn for the want of sleep than by all their other troubles put together.

Well, after a time, the roar of cannon became a lullaby, and when relief came, they could not get to sleep for want of the usual riot.

But in spite of the firing, of the want of sleep, of the air of forlorn hopelessness which rested upon the garrison, perhaps there was not one man who thought of giving in. Certainly if such a cad (for that is the word) existed, he never made public his impressions, which certainly would have been followed by a kicking. No, they determined through thick and thin—through thick showers of iron and lead, and thin rations—to hold on and to hold out at Lucknow (a).

It was seven o'clock in the morning, and Sergeant Maloney and Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence were pretty equal now—for they were both about serving the same commanding officer.

The gentlemen in Sir Henry's presence looked grave throughout that night, watching their good general, for they knew what the morrow was to bring with it.

The general wandered much in his mind during the night, and so happy were these aberrations that those about him knew he could be in no pain.

Sometimes he was away in England, and a youth once again—but more frequently he was the good servant of England working hard in India, and muttering in his quick, sweet voice various orders and suggestions. Most frequently, in all his wanderings, he supposed himself at work in the school for the children of English soldiers which he had established in India—at work, expressing satisfaction here, gentle disapprobation there, yet smiling and speaking gently, whatever were the words he used.

Pray, reader, are all these particulars dismal? Do they go towards making up a dreary tale? I think not. It does not follow because you talk of death that you shall be melancholy.

(a) HOLDING OUT AT LUCKNOW.—We give an illustration of the interior of Lucknow in the present issue. It is taken at that point which was least exposed, and where the English position was not overlooked by houses beyond the earthworks. The figure in the foreground is that of a soldier bringing up supplies of ammunition from an underground store.

Be that as it may, Lawrence lay happy as his soul floated away from this earth.

They sat about him—or rather, they stood about him, for there was something in the atmosphere of that death-bed which forbade men sitting down to look upon it; and though the roar of the angry cannon, reaching at the house within which the swift iron had already done its work, was so loud that a voice could hardly be heard, yet those about Sir Henry moved softly, as do women when fearing to wake a sleeping child.

Close the door, brother, on that scene; kneel in thought outside the door, till the message comes saying, "He is dead." Then rise up sighingly, and say, "One good man the loss in the world." There are men who can give you the minute particulars of his last minutes—here none of them shall be even feebly photographed. In the grand old Roman times, a Roman, knowing that the hand of death was upon him, would turn away, and hide his face in the folds of his dress, that no man might see him die.

Would you have any man look upon your "passing" moment?

He died.



GENERAL HAVELOCK ON THE LOOK OUT. (See page 782.)

And all the awe-struck camp paused in their fighting for a moment, that the better they might hear the news.

Have you lost a good parent?

If so, you can comprehend how the garrison felt something as you then did, when the fact you loved was changed to death's. He had not been like other officers. Go down to Aldershot, talk with the men, and you will find that so far from the privates knowing their officers, they are more frequently than not ignorant of their very names. On the other hand, I never saw an English officer speak to a soldier below the rank of a sergeant; and as for returning the private's forced salute—the less we say of that the better.

Whereas Lawrence got out of his uniform, so to speak. No man was too lowly for his notice. Well, the upshot of it all was that he founded a school, saved some hundreds of English people, and did as much as any man to prove to the Indian races that the English may be repulsed, but cannot (in our time, at all events), be overcome.

He died.

I do not say the garrison sat down and wept for him. Such an assertion would be absurd—for they had to fight and work hard,

but I believe, truly, that like most other good men, he did good even in dying, for from that final 4th of July the garrison were more determined than ever that the Indians should only conquer by annihilating them.

Nay, I shall have to show in the very next chapter but one how the influence of his death led to a very handsome performance on the part of Corporal Tim Flat.

And now let us look after Sergeant Maloney.

He had not been removed to the hospital—Phil Effingham had promised him that; and so there he lay, on the mattress, whereon in the earlier and pleasanter days of the siege he heard, and, perhaps, swore at, the camp lectures (delivered free of all charge) by poor dead and gone Jubelina Fisher.

The sergeant stuck to it for some hours, and hard and fast, that it was "Only a scratch."

"Mate," says he to Mrs. Maloney, "don't you give in," for he heard her in the darkness having a quiet sob to herself. Oh, yes, the camp was dark, because the moment a light was seen in the night time it was a beacon that the enemy immediately fired on. And the rascals were getting uncommonly clever in their firing—

—as it was quite natural the scamps should, they gave themselves so much practice.

"Me give in then?" says Maloney. "Why, mate, you're dreamin'!"

But when he fell off into a light sleep, as she knew by his regular breathing, she put a handkerchief over her head, and made for Phil Effingham's quarters.

"Come in, mam," says Phil, who had flung himself down in his clothes for a couple of hours' rest.

"Sir," says Maloney, "I know your honour will excuse a—a—but—"

"Out with it," says Phil, quick and sharp, but not really in unkind tones, for he is quite aware that if you once condole with a lady in trouble she breaks down in a moment.

"My mate, Sergeant Maloney, 3—th, your honour, do you think, now, he's—"

"My good woman," says the doctor, looking about with that kind of desperation a big dog will show, which, having his master's dinner to carry, finds himself surrounded by a pack of hungry curs—"my good woman, it's what may happen to any of us!"

"Ho!" says the Irishwoman; "hol' ye're quite sure it's as bad then as that? It's what might happen to any of us, is it?"

"Well, ma'am, I'm really afraid it is."

"How long, doctor?"

"I barely follow you—how long?"

"Before—my—mate—"

Here poor Mrs. M. stopped suddenly, as though somebody had stifled her with a good sized feather pillow.

"Not long, ma'am, I'm afraid."

"A day, doctor?"

"No, not a day, ma'am."

"Oh, but up to daylight I hope, your honour?"—for, you see, she wants to see him just once more.

"Yes, yes," says the doctor.

"Oh, good night, sir," says the poor woman.

"Here—you there," says Phil, whose ply very much reminded you of a slap in the face—for you cannot expect a bear to do anything but growl—"he's not suffering, you know. He'll fall off quite quiet—and, upon my soul, ma'am, I think he's well out of it. Confound it, there's my looking-glass gone!"

For at that moment a bullet slipped into the room, and hit Phil's mirror as clean in the middle as though sent there on purpose. And the worst of it was, the bullet was a spent one. Had it not been, it would have gone clean through the glass. As it was, Phil's little oval mirror was smashed into what poor young Swellington would have called "chow-chow."

Mrs. Maloney turned off without a word, trouble not being conducive to politeness, and so she got back to her own dreary, dark tent.

Mrs. Spankiss was there—for Sude was always up to the work of her regiment, and went here and there all through the siege as cool as any iron-plated frigate, and though she got an ultimate bullet in the back, she marched very well with it—and, indeed, to be here anticipatory, I may add that the bullet is there now, and is rather a convenience than otherwise, for it warns Mrs. Spankiss, by shooting pains in that region, of coming rain, an advertisement which must be invaluable to a laundress who has constant "hauling out" on her mind.

Good! Spankiss got the name of "Cucumber" before she had done with the Residency. They are so clever at giving you names in the army.

Wherever the 3—th wanted help there you found Spankiss. She was so strong and hearty, confounded her, and bore a hand & v—ry, where with such hearty good will, that she quite "took the shine" out of all her sister sergeantes, though, doubtless, some of them were as desirous of being Christians in a small way as was she. You see, those big, strong people can always have their way if they choose. Happily they don't generally know their own power, and so we smaller people get a rise out of them now and then.

"He's better," says Spankiss.

"Only a scratch, mate!" says old Maloney, not that he was old, but, being particularly fond of him in the 3—th, they had called him old.

HOLDING OUT AT LUCKNOW. (See page 780.)



"On'y a scratch!" says Molly Maloney, echoing, because—because—well, because she was a woman, I suppose.

I decline here to go into particulars of what Mrs. Spankiss said and did; I have no time for them. But little it was could be said or done for Sergeant Maloney.

When Mrs. Spankiss had cleared out, consequent upon the information, brought by Tim Flat, that her own Warren and her adopted little Jerry were "a makin' as much row as the enemy," Mrs. Maloney sat down patiently to wait, and, taking the old husband's hand in hers, says she, "Try and sleep."

"Mate, I will," says he, speaking more faintly by much than he did when he was first scratched; "but you mark my words—and what my words I know,—sore I git up off this here truss o' straw"—(this was a sarcastic reference to the military mattress)—"the only parts o' the enemy as you'll see will be their ugly backs."

"Give me a kiss, then, lad," says Mrs. Maloney, "and then you go to sleep."

"Lay down yerself, my wench."

"N, me boy, I'd rather sit here wid my hand in yours."

"Why, what's the matter, mate?"

"Nothing then."

"I thought you'd turned the tap on,"—(this is a way they have in the army of talking of tears.)

"No, me boy," says she.

And says he, "I do feel sleepy, I do."

And thereupon he falls asleep.

She sits through the darkness, keeping quiet till he wakes, which he does with the dawn.

And pray, is it the bleak dawn, or the supreme moments which are at hand, that place such an odd light upon his face.

There is also something new upon her countenance.

The light falling upon his half-closed eyes awakes him.

"Been asleep, mate?" he says, after an effort, as though recalling himself to what he is and where he is.

"No, me man, I've not."

"Molly, woman, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, lad."

The stout old sergeant—for I may tell you there had been for some years a good sprinkling of grey hairs behind his ears—locked up, and a row kind of knowledge spread over his face.

"Praps," says Maloney, "it's more than a scratch."

"Let me put your plier straight, then," says she.

"Ha!"

That was all he said for some moments.

Then he looked up, and slowly held out both hands for hers and the expression on his face showed how surprised, in a faint way, he was that he moved them so slowly.

"Molly, laddie, dost remember when I came courting thee?"

"Indeed I do, then."

"Dost remember, laddie, thou wast on a stile, with a pail on thy head, and I told thee I'd carry thee, pail and all, if thee liked?"

"It's many years ago," says she.

"The regiment was quartered at Queenstown. Didn't thee come after the regiment a bit, mate?"

"I come after my jo," says she.

"Ha, ha!—that's 'cooth for sweetheart. I taught thee to say 'jo,' wench—didn't I?"

"'Twas so, Maloney."

"I learnt that when the regiment was at Edinbro'. I've been with the regiment past thirty year. Do thee mind, lass, how when I told thee to call me thy jo, thee called me a gossamer?"

"Indeed, yes," says she; and the poor woman's voice was just as soft as any kind lady's in the land.

"Them days, wench, wur happy days."

"Indeed, so are these, try jo."

"So they be lass—so they be. And—and, mate, if 'tis more than a scratch—is it? No, no, my true wench, don't let it be thy voice to tell me."

Then there was silence for a few moments.

"What was I saying?" he asked when he spoke again. Then the comprehensive look again appeared upon his face, and he said, "Lass, praps I'm hearin' the muffled drums. If I am, I tell thee, Molly, thou's been the truest wife ever man was blest with."

As for the "true wench," she sat with the cold dawn upon her face, which was very loving and gentle. But never a tear slipped over her face, for the newly come grief of good women in some measure stupefies them.

"Molly, my mate—"

And then, somehow, I think the honest couple (their work-hardened hands clasped), drifted back to a time even before the courting, and when each said the little half-spoken prayers of childhood.

Do you know, I think these two poor people prayed together?

They had not been much in the habit of that kind of thing; but I don't think the supplications were any the worse for that.

It was Sergeant Fisher who put an end to this work.

"Hallo, Fisher, what of the day?" says Maloney.

"We shall have some hard hitting."

"How's Lawrence?"

"Going home."

Maloney sighed.

Fisher had no time to spare—visiting was pretty well at an end in the residency. I doubt if even Miss Skeggs was up to visiting after the 3rd, even if she had had everything to go in, for the poor dear's truck had been set fire to by a rocket, and all she was worth (her personal qualifications and attractions apart) Miss Skeggs stood upright in, or as nearly upright as under the circumstances she was able to accomplish.

Fisher gone, Maloney, weary with the exertion of speaking, and loving, and praying, fell asleep, and so it happened that he awoke and fell asleep again, and awoke and wandered in his thoughts, and fell asleep again.

In a few hours he looked at his "jo," at his "true wench" without knowing her, and he grew weaker and weaker, and when it was eight o'clock he died.

"Amen!" said his wife, gently; and stooping down, she kissed him.

And so they found her, lying with her face against his; for the poor thing, now that she could be of no more use to her lad, thought of herself, and broke down, and for a little time she let her poor homely senses go whether they listed.

CHAPTER LX.

TIM FLAT TO THE FORTH.

SAID Tim Flat, "I was only born in Whitechapel, it's true" (he said this when the news came to hand that Sir Henry was dead); "but if I don't show 'em this day as I'm a true-born Englishman, my name ain't Timothy, which let him as dare deny. This day I has my indwiddle revenge for the general's kick o' the bucket. Wholl jite?"

"I'm yer man"—"Yere yer are"—"Make me one"—and a score of similar sentences saluted the valiant corporal's suggestion, for, as I have said, the hate of the enemy was much increased by Lawrence's death.

"Mind," says Flat, "to 'memorate the day, mind, each man has to bag one, and do as much else as he can."

"Five it is," says Tim, after arranging as to who should, and who should not, have the honour of special performance with him for a leader.

"Yah," says a sixth gentleman-private, who is extremely disgusted that he has been excluded, "why don't yer call yerself two, Tim Flat, and so make it half-a-dozen?"

To which, saute, as the speaker's superior officer, Corporal Tim deigns no reply.

And so it came to pass that Tim sought out Highland Jessie when he was off duty (ten minutes) and on his dinner.

"Jess," says he, "I've come to say good-bye, praps!"

Now Jess was not prepared for that statement. She never thought of Tim as a husband for one moment; but it does not follow that, therefore, she did not think of him at all for—say two.

"Where are ye going?" says Jess.

"I'm a goin' to show the enemy what the British army is made of!"

Whereupon Jessie, who was mending a—a—well, "Evil be to him who evil thinks!"—a petticoat, in fact—whereupon Jessie breaks out into a laugh.

"What are yer laughing at, Jess?"

"The British army, ye ken!" says Jess.

"I'm a goin' to make a sortie."

"What?" says Highland Jessie, with the needle poised on the forefinger and thumb of one hand and the petticoat clutched tight in the other.

"I'm a goin' to make a sortie!" says Tim, emphasising his words as though they were bad poetry.

"Gude laird, why?"

"For the honour o' the British army, and Havelock on the look-out!"

"And dinna ye think," says Jessie the Prudent, "ye can jest do the British army as much good by—by taking care o' your uniform, and what's in it, as by making your sorties?"

"Which I'm pledged to it,—and honour is honour."

"Oh," says Jessie, "ye're pledged?"

"Yes, Jess."

"Then ye must perform, mon; only—only, Tim"—and here she got up, and played with the buttons on the breast of his coat—(dear heart, how his own beat beneath her touch!)—"only, Tim, every mon has jest the right to look after his own life before any other mon's. But, Tim, my laddie, why have ye come to tell me about it?"

"Why, don't yer see, Jess, I mayn't be able to tell yer anything about it afterwards."

"Ye've been very imprudent," says cautious Jessie.

"Can't help that now, Jess; and I was thinking, Jess, that as we may never meet agin, as you'd come down the ladder a bit, and just give me one."

"One what, mon?" asks Jessie, who is perfectly aware of the commodity in request.

"Why, just one smack."

"Smack, mon?"

"Well, just a salute."

"Salute, laddie?"

"Which, Jess, I means a kiss."

[What a fool a man is who asks to kiss a woman who has told him she will never have him. Though, by the way, that kind of thing—the kiss of a woman you love—does make you confoundedly courageous. You can go out to battle after that with the valour of a dozen.]

But Jessie Macfarlane being a Scotch woman, it need not be said she thought twice over the proposal before she spoke.

"Well," said she, "I think ye may."

And thereupon, before she had time to retract—CRASH—he had kissed Jessie Macfarlane for the first, and, perhaps, the last time in his life.

"Good bye, and good luck," says Tim, as red in the face as a boiled lobster, and, I believe, ready to howl with joy and pride—albeit the pride of Whitechapel—and some kind of feeling which was quite new to him. I suppose it was triumph.

"Good-bye, and good luck," says he, and he was turning briskly away, when—

"Oh, Tim!"

"Yes, Jess."

"I jest think I was thinkin'—"

"What of Jess?"

"Why, as fair is fair all the world over, that as ye'd given me one, why—"

Here she stopped with some caution.

"Yes, Jess?"

"Why, I mean give ye another."

[Dear me! a most imprudent thing for young women to be so liberal. For the fact is, he caught Jessie Macfarlane in both his honest arms.]

"My air!" says Jessie—meaning, of course, her "heart."

"And this is how all the 3—th came to know about the matter."

For Tom Dobbles, one of the party which had that day determined to do honour to the British army, came tumbling into the colonel's court-yard, where Tim had gained the spurs of love in the shape of a kiss; and, in fact, Tom was so full of his news that he nearly run down the couple before he was aware of their presence.

Tom Dobbles did not stop to apologize; and Tim, at a later period in the day, hoped he had seen nothing—which was a little mistake on Tim's part. Tom Dobbles blurted out, "Corporal—corporal! Yere's the chance! The enemy's been and brought a nine-pounder behind that there mosque, just beyond our farthest water-gate. Ain't it a chance?"

"Jest is, Jess," continues the corporal; "either that there nine-pounder shall be spiked, or this here soldier shall be bagged and ed. Good-bye—which my heart's like a feather. Come along, Tom."

"Laird, laird!" says Jessie, when she had watched Tim out of sight; "I didn't think I—I esteemed the young man so much as I do."

CHAPTER LXI.

NEWS.

AND it was about the time when Tim Flat was going to do honour to the British army, that a spy from the enemy's camp, reeking the enemy's bullets, one of which struck him, scrambled over the dwarf earth-work defences at Gubbins's battery, and fell wounded in the trenches.

He fell near an officer.

That officer was Sir Olive St. Maur.

"Sahib," said the faithful Indian, and recognising the gentleman as an officer, for the uniforms were not yet worn out.

"Wounded?" said Olive, lifting the poor man up.

"The great Brahms claims me! Sahib, tell the general a great army of Indians is approaching; and—and they are led by the prophets!"

"By whom?" asks Olive. The Indian's entry had not been perceived, and he had fallen in an angle of the trenches.

"By the Indian mem-sahib, who married the English sahib, and who then went back to the Indians. Ha! Brahms—holy Brahms!"

"Great heavens!" cries the Christian; "is she approaching?"

"Brahms! Brahms!" cries the dying Hindoo.

"Are you sure of this?"

"Brahms! Brahms!" Yes, sahib. I have seen her!"

"Deserter, he!"

(b) HAVELOCK ON THE LOOK-OUT.—"Havelock on the look-out" was a common expression in India in 1857. The general had a peculiarly watchful expression when reconnoitring on horseback, as the reader will remark by reference to the engraving, which was sketched from life.

But with fainter and weaker cries the messenger fell, crying "Brahms! Brahms!" till his words trailed away into the whisper of death.

A minute, and a picket removes the dead Indian.

Five minutes, and the death is registered as that of a spy from without, shot in effecting an entrance to the garrison. No papers.

An hour, and the messenger is buried.

Meanwhile, of what thinks Sir Olive St. Maur?

Dare he again play the part of traitor?

If he is a true gentleman he will report this information to the commandant.

What can he do?

What dare he do?

Well, in his perplexity he sought out honest Phil Emugham.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

AFTER the recent cold weather summer may be said to have opened suddenly upon us. Last week opened brilliantly, and crops that were looking backward have taken a good start. Peas and beans are coming into bloom, and potatoes are showing well above ground.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Top broad beans as soon as the pods begin to form at the lower part of the stems. After a shower earth up successional crops. Sow the main crop of scarlet-runners. Additional peas may be got in for succession. If the weather continues dry give the drills a good watering. Prick out early sowings of broccoli to strengthen prior to final planting. Give cauliflower plenty of manure-water if large heads are required. Now additional seed to come in use in October and November. Sow early horn carrots to draw young. Thin out onions, leaving the strongest four or five inches apart, and plant the trimmings if required. Sow and thin out parsley. Earth up potatoes. Sow and water radishes freely. Prick out early sowings of savoy and Scotch kale, and shade for a few days till the plants have taken fresh root. Remove the pots or covering of sea kale, and dig between the rows. Thin early crops of spinach. Plant tomatoes under a south wall or fence. Cucumbers under hand-glasses to be pegged down as they advance in growth. When they require it, to be watered in the morning of a fine day; sow seed for succession for gherkins. Destroy weeds.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Dwarf fruit trees gradually of their superfluous shoots. Use the syringe or engine for the destruction of insects; and cleanse trees from cobwebs, &c. Water strawberries freely, if growing in a dry situation.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Thin out annuals, leaving in each patch from three to six plants, according to the natural habit of each plant. In bedding-out plants, begin with calceolarias, verbenas, scarlet geraniums, &c. A few branches stuck in the beds will be of service in protecting them from the drying effects of the bright sunbake, and will also protect on a cold night. For the mixed system, the Flower of the Day geranium, with the old Verbena Venosa, is recommended; the variegated mint, with Emma, or any other such blue verbenas; the light blue lobelia, resting on the foliage of the pink, ivy-leaved geranium—these give good contrasts of colour. Stake up carnations and pinks, and tie up shoots regularly, as they spindly. Put in cuttings of chrysanthemums in a light soil, and shade them. Thin out herbaceous plants. Continue to remove exuberant shoots of pinks. If insects appear, brush them off in preference to bruising them on the stems or buds. Water trees and shrubs recently transplanted.

THE COMMANDER OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.

REAR-ADMIRAL STUBBS C. DACRES, C.B., now in command of the Channel fleet, was born in 1805, and is the son of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Dacres, G.C.B., nephew of another vice-admiral, and brother of General Sir Richard Dacres. He entered the navy in 1817, received his first commission in 1827, and was appointed in the following year to the Blonde, 40, Captain (afterwards Lord) Lyons. During the autumn of that same year he landed in command of a party of seamen near Mores Castle, the last hold of the Turks in the Peloponnese, and, after erecting batteries, he was successful in reducing their fortifications. In 1836 he was appointed to the command of the Salsomera steamship; and, for his services with this vessel off the north coast of Spain, during the Carlist war, he was promoted to the rank of post-captain in August, 1840. His next appointment was to the Avenger, in August, 1847, when he joined the Lisbon squadron under Sir Charles Napier. On the 16th November following he was appointed to the St. Vincent, 120 guns, bearing the admiral's flag; and in September, 1849, he took the command of the Leander. He was next appointed, in 1852, to the Sanspareil, one of the Channel squadron. In June, 1854, he was sent to the Mediterranean, to reinforce the fleet under Vice-Admiral Dundas. He entered the Black Sea with the allied fleets, was present at the bombardment of Odessa, in April, 1854, accompanied Lord Lyons, his flag captain, to the Circassian coast, and, after the fall of Bedout Kaleh was engaged in strengthening that place against an expected attack by the Russians. Afterwards he assisted in disembarking the British army at Varna, and he commanded the Sanspareil in the combined attack of land and sea forces on Sebastopol, sustaining a heavy loss in killed and wounded. In her hull alone the Sanspareil received thirty-two shells. Lord Lyons wrote on this occasion as follows:—"The noble manner in which I was supported by the Sanspareil can never be forgotten by me, or by any one under my immediate command; nor can it fail to be a source of proud and pleasing reflection to you and all under your command to the end of your lives." On the 7th of July, 1856, Captain Dacres was appointed superintendent of Haslar Royal Hospital, and on the 25th of June, 1858, he was made admiral. The ships now under his command are the Edgar, flagship, 71 guns; the Warrior 40 guns; the Black Prince, 41 guns; the Hector, 34 guns; the Defence, 16 guns; the Prince Consort and the Trincolo, gunboat and tender to the Edgar.

INSULT TO THE BRITISH ENVOY IN BHOTAN.

Mr. Ashley Eden, British envoy to Bhotan, has been insulted by the chiefs of that State in public Dunbar. He was subsequently imprisoned, and compelled to sign a treaty ceding British Assam to Bhotan.

"HENRY DUNBAR."—The publishers state that the whole of the first edition of this new novel, by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," has been completely exhausted on the first day of publication; and that a second edition is in the press, and will be ready on Monday next. Admirers of Miss Braddon's prolific pen have much cause to rejoice in her popularity, the growth of which is now made more manifest than ever by the simultaneous issue of her writings in the French, German, and English languages. It is understood that Mr. Mudie and the leading library companies have taken unprecedentedly large numbers of "Henry Dunbar," the public inquiry for early copies of which has had no parallel amongst recent works of fiction.

A CAPITAL Writing Case for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Quenoe and Pins, Bottling-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORTON, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

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